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ABSTRACT

This paper is a slightly edited version of an authentic document, based on notes from a career that lasted from 1947 to well after independence in Tanganyika (since 1964 and the union with Zanzibar known as Tanzania). The paper provides a fascinating record of what it felt like to be a participant in an exciting and pioneering period of educational development. The text has been selected from a much longer set of documents. A short glossary of terms that may not be familiar to contemporary British readers has been added. (EH)

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University of Southampton

CENTRE FOR LANGUAGE IN EDUCATION

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHAMPTON

OCCASIONAL PAPERS, 34

NOTES ON PRE-INDEPENDENCE EDUCATION IN TANGANYIKA

PHILIP CLARKE

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MARCH 1995

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The history of the spread of English is partly a history of imperial activity, and is closely bound up with the establishment of colonial education in parts of what was later known as the "Third World". For this reason, the memories of those who participated in the development of education overseas provide a necessary background to the history of pedagogical and linguistic principles that can be found in such books as A P R Howatt's History of English Language Teaching (Oxford University Press, 1984). A major part of that experience relates to the teaching of English as a second language and its role in the emerging curriculum for all subjects. In 1995 the debate about the need, if any, for English, and the kind of English that could or should be, is still very much alive. Accounts such as this illuminate the origins of contemporary practice in language teaching.

This Occasional Paper is a slightly edited version of an authentic document, based on notes from a career that lasted from 1947 to well after Independence in Tanganyika (since 1964 and the union with Zanzibar known as Tanzania). It provides a fascinating (and very enjoyable) record of what it felt like to be a participant in an exciting and pioneering period of educational development.

The text has been selected from a much longer set of documents. I have added a short glossary of terms that may not be familiar to contemporary British readers.

I am most grateful to Philip Clarke, from whom I learnt an immense amount about education in my own period as a young teacher in Tanzania in the late 1960s, for permission to circulate this material as an Occasional Paper.

Christopher Brumfit

GLOSSARY OF MAIN SWAHILI OR COLONIAL TERMS USED

baraza	formal gathering, assembly
indent	order forms for goods in colonial service bureaucracy
kanga	brightly coloured cloth, used by women as a dress
kanzu	long cotton gown worn by Muslims
Makerere	in Kampala, Uganda - first higher education institution in East Africa, college from 1922, college of University of East Africa, 1962
Maji Maji	literally "water water", uprising against the German colonial power in 1905
PC	Provincial Commissioner: colonial administrative officer
posho	maize meal
PWD	Public Works Department: colonial department responsible for all building, repairs and maintenance
safari	journey
shamba	smallholding/ vegetable garden
shauri	business/problem/argument
Kiswahili/ Swahili	originally coastal language; now lingua franca of much of East/Central Africa & official language of Tanzania
uji	maize gruel
Wazee	(singular Mzee) - elders, old men subsequently Inspector of English in Zambia

Postings in Schools
1947 - 61

Malangali, Tanga,
Tabora, Mwanza TTC
Moshi, Bukoba, Tabora,
Morogoro.

Post-Independeance
1962-65
Ministry Inspectorate
Dar es Salaam.

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Development of Education in Pre-Independent Africa

My service during the period in question was entirely in Secondary Schools apart from one year in Teacher Training. It covered six secondary schools including two periods at Tabora.

I stayed on in Tanzania after independence until 1967 with two short periods there in schools in 1968 and 1979.

Throughout the whole time I was single.

Part I - 1947 - 1952

1. **Background**

My family, semi professional based in London had had modest experience overseas from 1800. Teaching went back three generations, the last two with University degrees. Mother was from Cambridge where we lived in early childhood till moving back to London.

My education was at a church independent grammar school in Croydon and then by open scholarship at L.S.E. (chosen in preference to Cambridge). Shaw, Kipling and the 'New Statesman' were strong influences at this time as was the National Gallery. At the L.S.E. one reacted against the orthodoxy of Laski-an leftism and under the eloquence of Robbins and the subtle thought of Hayek moved towards a League of Nations liberalism. In my final year much contact with Indian and Burmese students led me to think of applying for the I.C.S.

Enrolled into the pre-war Militia, commissioned in May 1940, I volunteered for the Indian Army in mid-1941, proceeding there at the end of the year to join the Indian infantry. It was a novel regiment in that it recruited aboriginals alongside the usual recruits of north India. I remained with them throughout the Burma campaign. At the Peace I again thought of the I.C.S. and was also offered a teaching post in a big Indian school in New Delhi for which I nearly took release in India.

But during a visit to the family in the U.K. my application to the Colonial Education Service succeeded. My family and friends applauded and supported the decision to accept.

One of the conditions was to take a diploma of education at the special course then mounted at the London Institute of Education. Under the anthropologist Margaret Read and the presence of many overseas students, we had a grounding in African education and also

were taught the rudiments of Swahili. I had by the way opted for TANGANYIKA for the reason that it was a Trusteeship of the United Nations and not a colony. (I had first consciously heard of Tanganyika from the Hitlerjungen at a Youth Hostel on the German border in summer 1938).

It was a career appointment with pension prospects. Only later was it alleged that the contract was with the overseas government and not with the government of U.K. But one was careless of such details as also of the need to subscribe to National Insurance in one's eagerness to get back to life among 'other' peoples.

2. The First Tour

We went out in a converted troop ship with fourteen to a cabin nearly all of us for Tanganyika and Kenya. Some early friendships were formed. Our entry into Tanganyika was by the back door; disembarking at Mombassa we took the train to Moshi and then down to Korogwe; a night in a hotel and then the pre-war bus along the rough road to Morogoro; another night in a hotel and the early train down to Dar es Salaam where the Chief Inspector met me and put me up in his quarter opposite Government House. In 1947 only half a dozen Europeans joined the Department.

The Acting Director, a Mr Watt, gave a rather jaundiced view of the service and told me my posting was to Malangali - the "school in the Bush" of Victor Murray's book. (We had read Murray's book on Malangali at the Institute. The description of the combining of traditional and western methods of education there impressed us until I arrived on site and learnt from men who had succeeded Murray and had to sort out the confusion and degeneration that had occurred! The involvement of elders - the Wazee - had impeded all efforts at proper education and demoralised the pupils. Murray's book was typical of many at Teaching Training Institutions quite out of touch with reality, best ignored). Though 100 miles from any town this was no hardship after my war service in Burma. The Chief Inspector's wife helped my purchase of pots and pans. He had been a master at my school slightly before my time and on the strength of this tried to get me interested in Scouts. At Malangali I was to be number 2 to the Head, another recently arrived ex-Officer of my age. He had taken over from a woman who had run the school in the last years of the war.

MALANGALI

Stopping at Iringa overnight I had a chance to meet the D.C. Mr Walden in whose district we were; his assistant had two servants for me and I took them on. Then with my gear, servants and a bag of provisions, another bus which got us by late afternoon to Malangali, eight full miles off the main road, and a welcome from the Headmaster's wife and her guest, Lady Barbara Ricardo. The Head was away invigilating, a duty that fell to me at our school after a couple of days. My first night was spent in my own bungalow, a tin roofed structure with three main rooms, one of four on the station.

Malangali was hardly more than a hamlet, half a dozen indian dukas set round a dusty square, a miniature Post Office and a dispensary. The Secondary School, wholly boarding, was the biggest thing in the place. There were two streams of secondary classes from Standard 7 to 10. Part of the school was the Carpenters and the Tailors Courses, each with perhaps thirty or more apprentices. On the staff were four or five Makerere Diplomats most with four or so years of teaching. Boys were from all over the Southern Highlands Province with the largest contingent from among the intelligent Wanyakusa. Amon Nsekela, currently 1981 High Commissioner in London, was in the top class. They paid fees (50/- shillings?) but were able to gain exemption from the D.C. on proof of poverty and were provided with two uniforms, bedding, food and all books and writing materials; also with warrants from home and back there twice a year. We ran then in two long terms with the longer holiday over Christmas and a shorter one in July. Half terms were a mere weekend. The class rooms and office block had been put up in the war, simple separate structures of limited width; the timber of the roof and the weight of the tiles were the constraint here. They were set in a loose quadrangle with the longer narrow dormitories off to the side. The older Arab like, sundried brick courtyards of the original school dating from 1928 c. were in use as dining room, industrial workshops and stores. There was no hall but we did have a recently completed science block, rather bare in inside equipment.

Entry to the school was decided by competitive Standard Six exam conducted by the Provincial Education Officer. For the first six months he had his office in the school where it had been for most of the war. Until a woman was found to Head the school he had to take

on that task as well. His only lines of communication with the rest of the province was the telephone, the twice weekly mail brought on the Railway bus and his ageing truck. It was from him I learnt one of the most necessary of administration skills. He had charts of statistics on his walls kept up in red ink. In order to put in the latest figures he showed me how to write with pen nib and red ink holding the pen upside down. There was no other way of doing it or other tool available. There were no Biros.

The syllabus in the Secondary side of the school was laid down by the Ministry and controlled by the final Standard Ten examination. There were the usual academic subjects, sciences and arts equally weighted. Civics and Religious knowledge each had a couple of lessons. We worked mornings and afternoons - at rather over 4,000 feet it was not unduly hot at 2.00 p.m. Games for all in the late afternoon and then 90 minutes prep after supper. This was by the light of Tilley oil pressure lamps or failing these hurricane lamps. A most necessary chore of boarding school life (which I did not get free of till 1957) was keeping the school Tilley lamps in running order. Even when working well they were infernally hot. Only too often a visit to prep revealed thirty boys crouched over their books in the dim light of a single failing Tilley. An equally important duty which fell to the Head was to keep the pump working. This was half a mile away in the narrow rock beset valley where there was a trickle of water. Often the pump was out of order and then the two-ox cart had to bring it up in 40 gallon old petrol drums for use of school and staff. Down in the little valley was a cunningly constructed vegetable garden, irrigated by little ditches led off a tiny dam. This was the labour of love - and necessity for school by a previous officer. Blessed he! Up by the school, nearer the pretty constant wind, was a light windmill of metal. It was designed to charge batteries for cars, etc. and there was talk I fancy that it was to be used in a radio link.

A mile away in the other direction across a valley was the Lutheran Church where most of the boys went on a Sunday. Surrounded by its own village it made a welcome change of atmosphere, especially with girls and women in bright kangas and vigorous hymn singing. Three miles away along the broadened out valley was the Roman Catholic Mission, a larger affair. Staffed by three bearded and rotund Italian fathers it attracted a big attendance. The vital part of the mission

however was the large tobacco farm which provided all its finance, for parochial work, hospital and school. The Father Superior had as much pride in showing off his tobacco drying barns in showing his church - both rather similar in build anyway.

In a third direction and at similar distance was the compound of the Sub-Chief. The local people were mostly Hehe and owed allegiance to the big chief Adam Sapi away near Iringa. (His younger brother was at our school). The sub chief came over occasionally to see to the poll tax, to tap his local bamboo stand for the bamboo wine and to settle spear fights that were a feature of life among the young bloods of the area. Often they were admitted to the six bed dispensary alongside the school and I recall having had a spear collected by me servants from an irate blood who was chasing a rival across my garden. It was my anti-intruders weapon for years after that.

Contact with the African teachers was polite, but for some time very reserved on their part. The older school clerk from Nyasaland was an exception but he had mixed more and had easier English. But gradually things eased and they got used to us post-war officers. I began to have a couple into tea and spent a lot of time chatting with them during the school day. One obstacle to this was that the Head had put me into sharing his office - there was really nowhere else and in any case I did quite a bit of the administration. There was a staff room but we two Europeans only went occasionally. For the rare staff meetings all gathered in the Head's office.

In March a third European arrived, one who had been with me on the London Institute course. His background was Marlborough and Cambridge. We shared my bungalow so our domestic staff increased to six: a personal man each; the cook and his assistant; the gardener and the woodcutter who supplied the kitchen stove and the hot water for the bath. The highest wage was 40/- a month and the woodcutter seemed content with 15/-. The senior staff lived in the quarters behind the bungalow but we provided no food for them. Like the school they got it locally. One of my first jaunts with the new officer was to go out and collect and, I fancy, bargain for bags of maize cobs up on the high road. Beans too were obtained in the same way. Back at school the hand operated separator of maize grains from the cob was brought into operation. A cow was killed once a week to supply both school and staff. None of us had a refrigerator nor was there any ice. On second thoughts surely the P.E.O. and the Head had oil refrigerators

and my companion [illegible] bought one later. Most of our food came from the shop in Iringa 100 miles away on the weekly Thursday bus, whose arrival was eagerly awaited. When late one would stroll up the earth road to look for it. Its arrival was the event of the week, a social occasion.

Another holiday task was to de-bug the boys' blankets, some 600 of them with the pungent white powder. A store room was used to insert powder between the blankets and leave them piled for a few days. Then came the shaking out!

Early in the New Year the boys came in, packed on to the specially ordered Railway buses. Among there were the new intake of nearly 100 for Secondary and industrial courses. After a minimum of six years at Primary Day school few were under 14 years of age. Issuing uniforms and dormitory kit - bowls, mugs, knives, etc... was a long task but brought one into close contact with them. A lot of book keeping was involved here, since all these items were "on charge" and not easily written off if lost. The new boys were allocated to "Houses" which had the effect of mixing up those from different regions. For sleeping, boards on trestles had recently been replaced by Vono metal mesh beds with a thick canvas instead of a mattress. Only senior boys had lockers, I think. Ablutions and latrines, both simple though adequate were in a separate block outside - not very pleasant in the night as leopards were not unknown. The dormitories had only wood shutters for windows. Cleanliness was ensured by a strict Saturday morning inspection by the Head of all dormitories and 'offices'. A high standard was insisted on, which covered personal turn out. It made a good climax to the week's work and, for staff, aperitif for a well earned Saturday lunch. When all went well the boys were allowed out of school area for the rest of the day and on the Sunday up to 6 p.m. roll call. On Saturday evening we began to organise some form of activity, be it only a debate or simple impromptu Swahili plays. There was no radio and only once in the year did a film mobile unit visit us. Nor was there any other secondary schools within the 100 miles. Despite this we were a happy community.

With his Marlborough background my companion had big ideas about having the boys to breakfast. His intention was for them to share his "English" breakfast but I thought this too stark contrast with their usual bowl of maize gruel, "uji", and persuaded him that cocoa and simple buns after supper was more suitable! We tried this out on four

of the prefects and after initial shyness they soon began to talk easily on school and home topics and fed us many questions about life in England. In the course of time all the senior classes had a 'cocoa' visit.

Emboldened, we decided to try and set up a morning tea club for the whole staff. Most of them were in the habit of going off to their houses in the morning break for tea or even breakfast and not all were ready to swop this for tea in the staff room. By providing the crockery and all eatables and the tea materials we did however get most of them to come. It took place in the Staff Room which thus took on the aspect of a common staff room and not one for the African staff only. After a fortnight it was a going thing and, since the Head sometimes dropped in and began to use the occasion for giving out items of school news and special orders it had more than a special usefulness. After a month we broached the idea of a formal contributory club; this was to protect the Africans self respect and wipe out the trace of charity. One or two dropped out but by keeping the sub below cost, the Staff Morning Tea became a regular institution.

Out of this more regular invitations to our houses developed, though only for tea or a "sundowner".

As for actual teaching it had to take second place after the actual process of organising and running the school. With a B.Sc. it had been supposed that I would be able to take over some biology classes; it had not been noted that it was a B.Sc. (Econ). Though I had never done anything more than a year of basic physiology, I was, in the tradition of the service, ready to cope. Fortunately a transfer of an African from another school avoided this. So I fell into gaps in History, a little low level maths and top form English. For the last the London course with lecture by P Gurrey and J A Bright had prepared me. But English as a subject did not have in those days the importance that it later assumed. This was probably due to the very good grounding the boys had had in the Primary School on the old 'Oxford' course; to the fact that they were the pure cream of the lower school; and that we were only teaching subjects up to two years below school certificate level. All the same, the standard in the top tenth year was good. Just as well as there were no specially written books. The one text I recall using was 'Cambridge Lessons in English' by Scott (Cambridge University Press). I recall long lessons on the

use of who and whom. For reading there were books of essays in full text; one topic was "Meosis" and there were many on such Belles Lettres, Y.Y. - like lines. A few full-text Dickens in close print were heavily pencilled with vocabulary elucidations. We read through "Journey's End" which went down surprisingly well - perhaps my recent experiences added meaning to it. But in order to get them to read more speedily I ordered at my own expense some sets of simplified texts from Nairobi and thus slowly began to apply the advice culled on my course.

In history I think Batten's "Tropical Africa in World History" was a recommended text; in that it was in graded English it had great advantage. R Coupland's big books on Livingstone were just available to me and with the Livingstone Mountains visible on the distant horizon, I made a simple summary of his Last Journey, largely in Tanganyika, for use in class.

With my personal interest in sketching it seemed good to add an Art Group to the list of optional activities available to the boys in Wednesday afternoons. A couple of brothers, the Tunginies, were exceptionally gifted and both pursued a career in Art in early adulthood.

The clear night skies were an invitation to study the stars and the top form were exposed to several late evening explanations, not entirely unappreciated. The open rough country was equally an invitation to long solitary walks on Sundays.

Saturday evening debates became very popular and several boys used in later political life the skill here developed. We managed too to put on some sort of Concert, a selection of short items from the different classes and groups. An old fairly spacious store room was rigged up with a temporary stage of tables and a blanket curtain. Pressure lamps lent the necessary light and very unnecessary heat.

There was a simple frame hand roller operated duplicator in the P.E.O.'s office and this gave me the idea of a small magazine. Material was not hard to come by, but the typing out and duplicating were onerous and hardly seemed justified by the result; except that it was the first ever Malangali Magazine.

Sometime in May the Provincial Commissioner called a meeting of all his District Commissioners at Malangali. They lived and worked under canvas. We took the opportunity of showing off the school to the interested D.C.'s - they had a hand in the selection of boys and

in the fees exemptionn. Also we held our sports and got some outside competitors to come. African Chiefs, among them Adam Sapi, just recently appointed to the Legislative Council, added their presence and made it a big occasion. For us European teachers, it was a rare opportunity to sit our compulsory Oral Swahili; so having heard the P.C. use his own swahili on the sports field and after dinner with him that night, we appeared before him in the morning in the role of candidates - successful ones fortunately.

We also had a visit from the Chief Inspector, not to inspect the school but to enquire into the feasibility of moving us for a year or so to an old Polish Refugee camp a hundred miles away near Njombe. The plan was that the Teachers Training College, at present in borrowed accommodation at Bigwa Morogoro, would move into Malangali as we moved out. They had to move since the Catholics wanted their buildings back, the war emergency being over. Fortunately the Head, after a reconnaissance to the Polish Camp, persuaded the Chief Inspector not to move us. Instead the Teachers College went direct to Njombe for a rather uncomfortable year while new buildings were put up for them at Butimba, Mwanza.

Another little excitement for us was the visit of the Governor to the area and an invitation to a sundowner at Sao Hill Club, 50 miles away in the heart of "White Settler" country. We set off, decently dressed in the back of the P.E.O.'s ancient lorry, the only transport on our station. But halfway there it broke down and we were lifted by other guests who passed by. At the function kindly notice was taken of us, our acquaintanceship with the Ricardos helping, and we even had a word from the Governor. More than a word in fact, for it was his personal limousine that carried us back to Malangali after the function.

Slowly the long term drew to an end, punctuated with a flying call-in visit from the Director of Education and another less necessary one from a senior medical officer ("the best way to educate these chaps it to have many marriages across the colour line" was his memorable quote). Medically by the way I was not doing too well with the recurrent urticaria and malaria leading to a week in the Iringa hospital. Just before the end of term David Ricardo turned up in his itinerant Arab/Somali guise to attend the cattle auction on the edge of the school fields. These fields were cultivated by hired labour and helped to supply our maize. With the holiday, most boys packed

themselves off home in the buses but a score or more from the far distant Southern Province remained at school where we fed them. Among them was a small group of U.M.C.A. christians with whom I formed the habit of reading a service on Sundays in the laboratory and once we had a visit and service from a priest. Off too, was the Head on home leave while my colleague travelled to Nairobi to get a secondhand car. At this time too came news of my posting to Tanga school for the start of the new term, but before I got in a little leave in Morogoro and Dar es Salaam. One way I flew in a six seater craft from Sao Hill.

TANGA

At the end of July I packed all my chattels into crates, the first of many such re-postings and re-housings that my perpetual bachelor status incurred. Two buses and two trains brought me and my servants to the sweltering coast and a completely different type of school. Standing in the heart of the town, the central structure was the original German one dating from the 1890s. Double stream at 7 to 10, it had a strong carpenter and tailor section and, housed on the same narrow plot, triple stream St 5 and 6 classes. Well over half the secondary pupils and nearly all the apprentices were boarders, also living on the site. Many other pupils boarded with relatives in the large town. So it was a packed site crammed in between the railway station, Swiss hotel and football field on one side, and a sawmill, rows of shops and the harbour front on the other. Pupils were from the coast, notably the long-educated Bondei, and the Pare and Usambara mountains; a fine mixture of talent and temperament. As Head we had the Provincial Education Officer, John Carbonnel, whose office was in another old German building next door. This was because the other European other than myself was for the time being judged unfit to run the school. This was the reason for my transfer. The Head of this African Secondary School was also ex officio Principal of the large Indian Day Secondary School, the Indian Headmaster acting day by day on his behalf. This was necessitated by rivalries among the differing communities of the Indian teachers.

Whereas the boys at Malangali had never seen a train, here their shuntings could be heard from the classroom. There, the main contact with the outside world seemed that through elder brother who had worked down in South Africa or Northern Rhodesia; here, ships from

round the world anchored in the harbour - which was still graced with an old German wreck left over from 1915. In 1948 another ship struck a reef outside the Harbour. Well over half the Tanga boys were Muslim and the Swahili language and culture was extremely strong here. Vaguely attached to the school as advisor was an old much honoured teacher, Jumbe Abbas. He still wore the fine kanzu, the dress not only of his faith but that of all teachers in German times, which he well remembered as a pupil. An old German stumping around the town in leather gaiters and hair en brosse was vivid reminder of the Kaiser's regime.

The academic standard was, a few high flyers apart, lower than up on the plateau. The oppressive climate did indeed dictate a steadier pace; the 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. session did not get much effective work done. The Indian school had a wiser long morning single session. For teaching, I was given a strange timetable half of which was geography and civics covering the periods of the P.E.O. - the Headmaster, in case he could not get free to teach. This was often the case. He was rightly proud of his swahili - used it constantly with the pupils much to their disgust - and so took classes, in swahili, in Standard 5. In understudying him I often took these classes. Imperfect as was my own command of the language, it showed me the great advantage of using it and early put in the pro-swahili party. For the rest I took a lot of English and history. In the former a long experiment was drawing to a close. This had been to try out in three parallel streams the three English courses then available; the Oxford; the Longman Michael West; and the Basic to Wider English. As there was no proper measurement of base line and post course attainment nothing more than an impression could be gained and the experiment was just then brought to a close having been deemed a "useful experiment". At the school we retained the Oxford course with book 6 coming in the top class St 10. Up at Malangali the course had been taken rather faster and finished two years lower down the school, leaving the teacher in limbo with no suitable books. Taking the course too fast, doing only a fraction of all the work suggested in the teachers book was long the main effect in using it. There were only a few supplementary readers, mostly in class sets taken very slowly round the class as was then the custom. Vocabulary and its increase was very much the pupils target and in the opportunity for digression it afforded the teacher, welcome to him too.

Out of class activities in the lively atmosphere of the town had almost as great a place as the course work. A debating society was started and the inherent talent of the boys given scope in a full scale concert. Fortunately we had a long dining hall with a stage at one end. Having electric light made all the difference and enabled us to put on a three performance show. A group of boys, under one later to become a leading politician, had of their own initiative formed "Kiko Kids", a song and sketch group that performed in the town and in swahili. Their stage was the sandy traffic-free street where they lived, with chairs brought out from the makuti roofed houses for the appreciative audience and a pressure lamp or two supplementing the dim street lights. Their talent was later utilised in the formal school concerts. An even greater delight in the chain of evening entertainments were the old early Charlie Chaplin films that we borrowed from the Welfare Department. They were a riotous success; never have I heard such uncontrollable body-vented laughter. Films of a different kind came when a party was taken over the H.M.S. Birmingham moored for a week in harbour; the films were shown at school after the visit. A select party also had the chance of seeing the Girls Middle School concert. With the Indian School and other competitors from up country we held an elocution competition, a test of clear English speech rather than of "elocution". Yet another diversion was a military style march round the town, thought up by the Head (who had commanded troops in the Burma campaign and I had met there). Our school band, which had been in continuous existence since German times and played every morning at the opening parade, led us with some swagger.

They were also in evidence in the regular Kings Birthday Parade held on the town football field fronting the school. That year it was graced by the presence of the newly appointed Governor, Sir Edward Twining. Contrary to expectation, after the formal part of the parade, he toured the lines of school-boys drawn up along one side of the ground and exchanged words with the staff. His imposing figure and expression made a great impression, as did his full dress blue and gilt uniform and plume of feathers. An even more memorable occasion was the feast and Ngoma on the evening of the birth of Prince Charles; the school band provided the music till a late hour. Permission to dismiss them had to be obtained from the Provincial Commissioner, who was busy talking to a female 'friend'. A few days later the field

provided the more usual sight of school sports which were combined with those of the town middle school. Quite a few of the boys were swimmers and a rather ragged swimming gala was held in the harbour only slightly impeded by muslim fears of a devil in the deeper waters. An even more unusual occasion was when the wild African bees long resident in the high roof eaves of the German structure swarmed. In our confined space this had to be taken seriously and in fact the school compound was unusable for three days, giving us a "bees holiday". In contrast was the invitation to send items produced from our Art Group to the exhibition at the Indian school and the production of a play at the Anglian Church written by a teacher Erasto Bwana - later the Ombudsman of Tanzania.

Two Europeans apart, the Tanga staff had four of five Makerere diplomats. One of them Dunstan Omari (who for a time was my Swahili tutor) soon proceeded to take a degree in England, the first Government teacher to do so. On his return he became the first African D.C. (he died 1993). The other Makerere men were local Bondei. This may have helped in making relationship with them very easy, that and we being often together at the Swahili Anglican Service. Swahili was also used in staff meetings, rare at that time. The industrial section was under a European and strong; the carpenters distinguished themselves in the production of first class imitation Queen Anne furniture, and in boat building. At the end of their course they were given a complete set of tools. Tailors were likewise awarded a treadle sewing machine. Villages in the area were increasingly staffed with ex-apprentices from us and they did a thriving business in the booming clothes trade.

Because of colleagues going on leave, I had soon found myself in charge of the school and saddled with overseeing the book-work, the accounts, etc. One long running error came to light in the keeping of the ration ledger which was in the hands of a special clerk. For a year or two he had been converting kilos in which goods were bought into pounds in which they were consumed at the rate of 2 lbs per kilo. Getting the difference written off took a lot a paper! Taking over the on charge stores from the outgoing officer also gave a lesson in looking after ones own interests. I accepted some small deficiency in buckets from him on the understanding that on his return in a few months he would take back the deficiency. But when another officer arrived in his place and refused to accept the deficiency, I was the

loaser. This officer, Colin Cooper, who later rose to a Directorship, had his own ideas about keeping the vote book, a matter he held to be of prime importance; his method was very efficient but it was not the conventional one and was dropped on his early departure.

While acting Head I was saddled with two inter-staff disputes at the Indian Karimjee Secondary School, of which I was the ex-officio Principal. One teacher was suing another and one was taking the Head to court. It took hours of separate interviews with each party before they could be edged towards an acceptable compromise. My background of the Indian Army gave me a little pull perhaps and facilitated the final meeting in my school flat when they shook hands and all was forgiven; this after nearly a month of tension.

The school being at the Provincial centre meant that one was involved in the territory wide school examinations. Each December we were not only sent out to invigilate the Standard VI and St X exams but we were in charge of the marking boards for the St VI. Here I got involved in English. My invigilation post was the U.M.C.A. Teachers College at Kiwanda where I became a regular visitor.

Set along mountains up valley from Muheza, it was an attractive place, amazingly architectured and had been the residence of Canon Hellier, the great translator of swahili legend. An industrial section was attached to the college helping to make it self sufficient. One year the P.E.O. added a foot-safari inspecting village schools to my duties after the invigilation. Lasting a week and with a fresh relay of porters each day, a new host each night at each mission, the climb up and down the mountain sides reminded me of recent marches in the campaign on the Burma border. It also gave me insight into the scope of work carried out by this mission, typical of similar work all over the country. Further contact with mission personnel came on the marking board which I had to chair. One member was Miss Archbold, well known in Primary science and who as I write (1981) is still out there. (She died in harness there in 1992.) She and her colleagues were the backbone of the mission school system, here and down in Masasi diocese. This I saw on a holiday visit at this time to Chidya, another Teachers College as it then was. I flew there from Dar to meet a friend. Foot safari and meticulous care of small items of school equipment and close contact in swahili and church life with the African staff were an example to well heeled Government officers such as myself.

One week there was a big scout assembly at the Catholic mission with participants from all over the province. It was not a very popular organisation, save in pockets resulting from the enthusiasm of one or two people. Indians took to it more and got more out of it with their restricted day-school routine often ending at 1 p.m. (All the same I saw a flourishing troop at the African Secondary School, a boarding one, at Mpwapwa 1979). At the R.C. Mission there was the usual camp fire and moral lecture followed by a big day on the sandy empty Pangani beach. Goans had their school at the R.C. Mission.

Being in the centre of fairly thriving town Tanga - sisal was doing well at that time - brought us into contact with official and social life of the "upper" echelons. Though predominantly, it was not exclusively, European. One of the Karimjee family was among the richest sisal barons in town and my colleague had the pleasure of nearly saving him from drowning off the multi-racial swimming club. In the Provincial Commissioner's Boma was the illustrious swahili poet, Shabaan Robert; he would be met as a guest at some of the official sundowners along with other prominent africans. Nor was the name of Martin Kayamba, an earlier luminary in Government service whose son I had met in London (along with Tom Marrealle and Fred Mchaura) before coming out, yet forgotten or his influence evaporated.

At the school we had concrete evidence of the work of Makerere in the two student teachers they sent us for a period. They were easier to entertain socially than their senior colleagues and fitted well into the school, not bringing anything radically new in teaching methods. One came across them as full time teachers later of course. I also ran into two other Makerere students when up in Moshi on leave staying at the Kibo Hotel. Two neat young men, one of whom was Joseph Sawe, the first African Chief Education Officer in 1962, called there to sell some charity tickets. As Chaggas they knew of the hotel but had not entered it before. It was a relief and pleasure to ask them to sit down to take tea with us and find that the management were entirely agreeable to this at that time novel procedure. While on this leave I took and passed my oral higher swahili at the test held in the D.C.'s office and by him. Attending swahili church service reaped its dividends! Further there was a chance to meet Mangi Petro Itosi (uncle of Tom Marealle) and through the Lutheran Teachers College, an old teacher Petro Njau and his young son, Elimu Njau, even then a talented artist. Contacts this level of status and ability

among Africans increased one's nascent idealism as to their future. Also at Moshi was the former Director of Education A I M Isherwood who had retired there. He was the only director who had started life in the Administration. In his retirement he took interest in Chagga politics, helped build up a good library at the K.N.C.U. and donated to every Government Secondary school library a copy of the "Rationalists Encyclopedia", a rather anti-Christian publication.

The Tanga climate is hard, harder at that time with no air conditioning or cheap fans. At the school some rooms had large ceiling fans but they were the exception. My domestic circumstances constantly changed. I have five changes of residence in 18 months and ended up in a room over the Lady Chapel at the Anglian Mission, my own idea, to which the alternative had been to go on early leave. Accommodation was extremely short (I was four years in the service before I had the certainty of a house of my own). My host at the Mission, Canon Spurling, had been out in Masasi in 1905 and had had to flee from the Maji Maji. He told tales too of playing Rugger with eight three-quarters back in the '90's...Malaria, a carry over from Burma and urticaria put me twice in hospital and decided the M.O. to send me on leave after a minimum tour in March '50. I had become more than usually irascible but a new officer eased my burden and restrained my impulses. It was with relief but regret that I made a personal farewell to the African staff in Swahili, packed my boxes and flew to Nairobi where I boarded the Flying Boat on Lake Naivasha. The fascinating trip took from 10.00 a.m. on the 14th after halts at Khartoum, Alexandria and Syracruse to 6.00 p.m. touchdown on the 16th on Southampton water. My first tour was over. Through Margaret Read I got on a course for "Rural Improvement in Africa" run by SOAS and also attended by P.E.O. (Malangali) Southern Highlands. Impressive was the account by Chadwick of Nigeria of the voluntary road building at Udi. Another course at Ruskin College, Oxford had a lot of African attendants, among them Dunstan Omari and some very attractive girls from West Africa. Lala ge Bow n was a tutor; the first but not last, impressive encounter. In London and Cambridge I was happy in meeting students from Tanganyika (though not Nyerere who was up in Edinburgh just then). But busy as I was I applied and was granted early return from leave flying back in the Flying Board - surely on one of its final trips.

3. The Second Tour

This began at Tabora Senior Secondary School. One of the three that had Standards XI and XII (and the only Government one) which were recruited from all over the territory, it had great status and reputation. The buildings were large and imposing. The older Italianate Lower school dated from 1926 being a double storey structure set round an open quadrangle; the Upper school, completed during the war, single storey in quadrangle form. Wide playing field surrounded the school and the many staff houses. Originally it was a school for sons of chiefs - which was one reason why Julius Nyerere went there. Most of the Ministers in the first independent Government were at the school during or just after the war. Many of the pupils I taught there in this tour rose to the top of the civil service and big public corporations.

There were over half a dozen graduates, all British expatriates and the rest of the staff were Makerere diplomats. Among them was George Magembe who had tutored me in London in Swahili in '47.

With such staff and facilities and pupil intake, the school was as near to an English minor public school as was possible here. Later it was criticised for having produced only cadres for Government Service. But in that it was just this cadre that made it possible for Tanzania to launch into independence with its own men at the top or near to the top, the school surely fulfilled a valuable role. To teachers and pupils it made quite a difference to know they were working for a concrete, and improving future.

The Cambridge Overseas School Certificate had recently been selected as the academic target in preference to the former Makerere entrance exam. At that time its syllabus was little adjusted, if at all, to the needs of the overseas country. This was especially so in English. So it was a tough slog for pupils and staff. We did have a very clear objective - the exam syllabus for St XII. Below that the Territorial St X exam was the guide, and this of course had the school certificate in mind (in English the precis appeared in both). The unadapted syllabus was not such an obstacle as it later might appear; the calibre of pupil taking the school cert was very high - indeed they were creme de la creme. In the English compositions of quite a few I never had to put any red ink, (for example those of Edwin Mtei, later Governor of the Bank of Tanzania and Minister of Finance). In

Geography, a subject that I had to take for lack of any better qualified person, the straightforward 'universal' syllabus was a positive advantage. The fact that the only full text of the physical Geography was that in my hands and that this borrowed from a female colleague at the adjacent girls school did not detract from the final results. To some extent it was rote learning but high intelligence is not depressed by a certain measure of this.

The atmosphere of the school was extremely congenial. We staff were much of the same age - 30 ish - and worked from a conventional common room. Just after my arrival this was made inter-racial with Mak Coll men among us. The Head was primus inter pares (though not without some attempts on his part to be a Pope) and all matters were fully discussed informally and in the regular staff meetings. The week's routine climaxed after three early lessons on Saturdays with a full Dormitory Inspection by Housemasters and a military style parade and march past, complete with band, under the Head in the lower school quadrangle. Then Assembly, staff in white on the platform under the Honours Boards and rows of even whiter uniforms and dark brown faces before us, attentive to the Head's address. The boys alleged that they disliked the parade, but they performed it with wonderful smartness. Ironically Tabora became after independence a Military Academy. With no common religious service possible, the parade provided an educative alternative. Nor was its aims of promoting cleanliness and neatness and punctuality an empty one.

Tabora benefited in another way from its status. From 1950 it was the only Government school to have, in effect, a permanent Headmaster. J R Crabbe held the post from 1951 till he retired in 1962. Only in Mission schools was such a length of tenure equalled. Among the staff too there were fewer transfers and they caused less upheaval that in smaller schools. One's work was more specialised, less that of a dog's body, and probably more effective. Stimulating too was the closeness of the similar Girls School 'across the Iron Curtain' and St Marys R.C. School both teaching to the same level. At the latter Julius Nyerere was currently on the staff, before transferring to Pugu. In the wider social community, we teachers were a strong party in the pretty constant round of entertaining and amateur dramatics at the Club. Cars were not all that common, and lifts by those who had or the humble bike carried us from door to door over the very scattered town. I was lucky too in that two Africans

I had met a few times in London in '47, Magembe and F Mchaura, were on the station. With the latter I developed considerable understanding. One day I took him along to the Tabora Railway Hotel for a drink. This was not at all usual at that time. But the Manager after registering surprise did find a table for us discreetly near a large pillar. We were both satisfied that a precedent, if it was one, had been set. At the time I lived in the hotel; my bachelor status gave me little claim on housing in hard pressed Tabora. Even when I did get a house it was to share it, not an unreasonable demand.

Partly to give me a change from the hotel, the P.E.O. sent me that first Xmas holiday on a long tour of inspection of the primary schools along the shore of Lake Tanganyika. This was by launch (see 'Over the Bar', an article from Corona based on the experience). Some of these schools had not been inspected since before the war but they were in good order and full of enthusiasm. The last leg of the trip was with the D.C. of the area. My last visit to a large Government Primary school was a chore checking all the textbooks; they were not entirely in order. A school boy from Tabora who lived in the region was my companion and interpreter - swahili was not always understood. Up and down the lake one felt very close to the Congo: at Kigoma we saw pastel coloured trilby hats the fashion over there and novel here. They made a strange contrast to the simple sack which was the dress of the Waha labourers in this town. As for the schools, my impression was of their surprising efficiency, despite not being regularly inspected, though the Mission ones were well supervised. All the same few boys from this lake side district got through into the higher levels of education. I travelled back in the S.S. "Liemba" the lake steamer built from parts carried up from the coast in 1912 by the Germans and sunk during the first war; raised and brought into service after it and in use ever since as a recent T.V. programme showed 1993.

The following 2 January, when we all served on Boards of Survey counting "on charge" items in other Government Departments, the local prison fell to my lot with the gruesome task of check for working order the hanging apparatus, rope included.

This following Xmas my invigilating took me to Mwanhala a large district boarding school under, I think, a Makerere diplomate. This too ran very well and even the buildings were in a fair state of cleanliness and repair. Yet it was quite 30 miles from Tabora.

Tabora School still housed the Grade I Teacher Training unit

under an experienced ex Mission man from West Africa. I was roped in to take some of the English for the 20 or so second year students. A couple of them were 35. But unlike Malangali Tanga and other 'junior' Secondary schools, there was no industrial section here. Later of course they were removed from all schools and concentrated at Ifunda, not a move that met with general approval. It was very convenient for repair of the school fabric and equipment to have 'fundis' on the spot.

With a large staff and more mature pupils more could be done in the way of out of class activity; Cross country, Speech Festival, Art Class (with some mural painting), a vigorous choir in addition to the band, the Annual Concert (sometimes held in the three sided quadrangle with the balconies for the audience), inter house drama competitions and debates. The latter tended to become highly political and, in competition, we organised evenings for party and language games to channel off the energies of the vocal. These developed into large scale socials with Party games on Saturday evenings, which were very popular. The long term, too, created a problem over holiday breaks like Easter coming in the middle. So 'mock' sports and long walks for all the school, one to the recently opened Kazima Dam, provided diversion. (That dam was very important in Tabora Life. Water was very short and for months though we had the 'pull the chain' latrines they could not be used). One feature of the dramatic activity were the 'Vichekesho', impromptu drama in Swahili which needed little assistance from the staff though their presence was always welcome. The natural talent that made a recent pupil, Rashid Kawawa, such a good film actor, before he moved on to other fields, was abundantly available. Yet another venture was the first ever school magazine. This was produced on a duplicator belonging to the Head. It was in a very poor condition as the resulting copies showed. This was long before the days when schools had their own duplicators.

Regular cleaning was supplemented by an effort to keep the many trees, planted by a former Head in the 30s, from being eaten away by white ants; these 'men of the trees' spent an afternoon prising off the earth-runs up the trunks. More irregularly came the call to fight a bush fire that threatened the large school area. Another natural hazard was earth tremors. One afternoon I saw my class diving out of the windows and at the same instant felt the tremor - the same as wrecked such havoc a hundred miles away. An eclipse of the sun

afforded interest to geography teaching, all the more in that as a keen teacher I burnt a spot on a retina by attempting to observe the phenomenon through cheap sunglasses. Another point of interest was the Meteorological Station on Kazeeh hill right behind the school where a daily balloon was sent into the upper atmosphere. This hill having a high content of iron, it was said, made the electric storms common in Tabora especially exciting for us living near the hill. The whole fuse board at the Upper School was ripped out on one occasion and it was never wise to bath during a storm.

An untoward incident of another kind was when I was sitting in the lower school office on the second storey and a man rushed in pushing past the messenger. "I've killed my wife! Can I have a glass of water?" The messenger at once tried to pull him out of the office but I suggested that he at least was given the water. As witness I appeared in court in our usual dress, shirt and shorts. An official told me to find a tie and jacket before appearing in front of the bewigged and robed judge in the thatched, open sided 'court'. The plea of killing in fury at her infidelity did not save him from hanging. The Lower School, standing on the edge of the open country, was the nearest place where he could report his soon-regretted deed.

Tabora was very much on the map for another type of visitor, the official one. That the Acting Governor came was not untoward even though he did visit, as if inspecting, my lesson - on clause analysis. But there were three visits from separate persons from the Colonial Office. The most interesting was W E F Ward who gossiped to the school about life in pre-war Ghana at Achimota. Following him was the Binns Education Commission who spent a lot of time going round, especially consulting African teachers. These made representations about their status. Quite soon after this their title was altered to that of 'Assistant Education Officer' putting them on the foot of the ladder where we expatriates were. Colin Legum of the 'Observer' paper, and on the commission, spent time with us. Prince Ali Khan and Rita Hayworth his wife came to the town but not to the school. Makerere College seemed to send a stream of visitors, partly because the Head, Crabbe, had been long on the staff there. Also many of our boys went on there. And to crown the lot, we had the U.N.O. Trusteeship Commission who walked round the school and were jolly with the boys. We had done our homework and had a poster explaining their role prominently displayed. One of the members was delighted to find

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himself in a photo thereon, and enlarged on his delight and career to the gathered crowd.

An outside visit for the school, apart from the de rigeur attendance at the Monarch's Birthday Parade on the space in front of the club, was to the celebrations marking the Governors visit in his full dress 'blue' to the Fundikira's court at Itetemia, a mile beyond the school. Quite a lot of the boys lived in his chiefdom and he had of course been closely connected in the original grant of the extensive school area. The old chief entertained us with a demonstration of how thieves entered the mud 'tembe's' of the area; they dug a tunnel under the walls. Huge metre wide drums boomed an acclaim.

Our own annual big day was Founders' Day marking the opening of the school in February 1926. A parade and address in the long school hall - which doubled at its lower end as the dining hall - was attended on this occasion as guest of honour by an old pupil, Chief Kidaha Makwaia. He had recently been appointed one of the two chiefs in Legislative Council. His younger brothers were at the school, as were the sons of the other appointed Chiefs. The Head, had, by the way from the time of his arrival started the custom of wearing academic dress at the weekly Assembly and encouraged staff to wear theirs at annual events. Some were critical, but boys appreciated the touch of ceremony. An academic gown is not unlike the robes worn by many chiefs. (Only one or two other schools ever copied this example, I did).

Over the 18 months I was there we had a wide range of staff. All expatriates were British graduates and they represented experience in these countries: Mauritius, West Africa, Uganda Makerere (two), West Indies, England, Egypt prewar, the Navy, Indian Army, Newfoundland. Two women, wives, were on the staff and one was Head of English though only temporary. (This was unusual). Such a concentration of talent meant that we were the focus for the regular Standard Ten Examination board, with which I now became acquainted. The syllabus for this was in our own hands, subject to Ministry approval, and there was a deal of discussion. Out of this evolved by 1953, a new revised syllabus for Secondary Schools up to the school certificate level. As far as English was concerned it did take account of the opinions expressed by various teachers. Indeed it could be argued that it represented too wide a range of technique, was too permissive resulting in a lack

of continuity. At least it did give help in recommending suitable books for the overseas learner. In isolated schools faced with the ordering of books from U.K. with no catalogues available this was long a boon. Julius Nyerere was for a time a member of this St X Board.

In English I was able to persuade my colleagues that the books by J A Bright, written in and for the Sudan, were suitable faute de mieux for us. They were subsequently widely used with beneficial results over the country.

Our professionalism was displayed in regular terminal examinations and class lists. Boys were keen competitors and with the small number of vacancies as they rose up the educational ladder, this was inevitable. Character too was a factor in the selection process. One staff meeting thrashed out the matter between those holding the newer doctrine that it should not be considered and those insisting that for practical reasons it must be (a view adopted finally after 1962 by the independent Government though perhaps with differing criteria). At this time there was perhaps an over insistence of character, at least on it as conceived by the typical Englishman. I recall one instance. A very clever boy of Scottish-African parentage had gone to Tabora from Malangali. He had soon fallen foul of the housemaster for slovenly appearance. As the matter went up to the Head, insolence was added to his crimes - inherited perhaps from his dead, Scottish goldmining father. As a result he was expelled and so sacrificed a certain brilliant career. A year or two later I was horrified to learn that he had been arrested and convicted on a murder charge. He had been insulted over his birth at some low drinking party. I could not help but feel that he never forgave the injury of his expulsion; at Malangali he never gave real trouble, once his circumstances were borne in mind. Another expulsion while I was at Tabora was for attempted sodomy. African staff seemed to hold that the matter was made too important by such a punishment. There was no fear of an epidemic.

With a published Staff list seniority was important and thus it was that during the absence of the Head I was in charge of the school. As noted above however the new Head did not follow this in appointing a woman temporary as Head of English. And on his next absence he followed age and experience not seniority in appointing his stand in. The Ministry by and large paid attention to seniority. In another staff matter that of dress the new Head showed his disregard of the

conventions. While he began to direct staff to wear long knee length socks and not the short ones at the ankle, he often sported a sea blue shirt, whereas white was almost de rigeur. These petty matters could loom large in our confined life.

For myself I pushed ahead with swahili despite the lack of demand for it in school life - it was a duty really to speak English to boys and staff so as to improve their command - and sat for the written section of the Higher Swahili. I passed. The examiner who was our P.E.O. had been rather taken aback when I identified over a drink at the club the provenance of the 'unseen passages' from his latest set of questions...Another step I took at this time, the year of the war in Korea, was to register with the Army Reserve of Officers, on which I stayed for the next 5 or so years, till the cold war ended.

In the school I was a housemaster; taught Geography to both St XII and English to both St XI, ran the Art class and Debating Society and Socials; mixed a lot with the African Staff; took part in the Cross Country; looked after Stationery; organised the magazine and yet hankered for closer involvement in a more African orientated education; the school was becoming too close to an English Public School for me and also I felt my scope would be restricted in the pressurised, professional atmosphere. So I requested a transfer when the Assistant Director Secondary came up to visit the school, Mine was one of two or three similar requests. We were listened too attentively. After a few weeks they offered me a posting to the Teachers Training Centre then at Mwanza, 'when housing was available'. The only expatriate at the Centre had been on the London course with me and he offered to feed me and find me a room round the school centre - so it was agreed I would move there at the end of the year. The last few months Maurice Woolf the latest arrival shared my quarter. He arrived with a guitar, the herald of a new wave and playing it round the dormitories was popular. He was interested too in the "marimba" a multiple jews harp played with the fingers. Quiet and apparently slow he became a wonderful speaker of swahili and great gardener in later posts.

In between I took leave in Dar es Salaam. Calling at the Ministry was always a good idea. We were still small enough in numbers for individual senior officers for to entertain one socially so I had a good Xmas. I also met C Richards of the East African Literature Bureau, with whom I later had much to do and came across

some African friends, visiting them at their homes in Ilala and also ran across old pupils. A couple of these I regaled with ice cream in a shop in Acacia Avenue - later Independent Avenue. It was hard to persuade the manager to admit us but he eventually found us another discreet corner. Mixed entertaining was still not common in the centre of the town.

Teaching Training Centre Pasiansi Mwanza took two streams of ex St VIII pupils for two years and turned them out as Primary School Teachers. The colleague I joined was the only expatriate up to then. He had three or four Grade I or II teachers to assist. The buildings were a straggling collection of buildings put up to accommodate Polish refugees in the recent war. Of extreme simplicity, they were just about adequate to our sparse needs. At least we had our own electric generator and a pipe from the nearby lake. There was one senior quarter, occupied by my colleague and his family. I made do with a former store room, eating with my friend. The instruction was in Swahili. This gave me quite a task for I shared the teaching of Methods. Despite my course at the London University my knowledge of these were scanty. For a time I filled in with translations from a good book on character development by V L Griffiths of the Bukt e Rudr Teachers Centre in the Sudan. It was a bit up in the air but seemed to interest the students and did my swahili a lot of good. In comparison to teaching in English I noted - as I had earlier at Tanga - that there was far more come-back when the pupils were instructed in a medium of which they had fluent command. So lessons were more of a two way discussion than the lecture that was common at secondary level. It also cut the amount of unnecessary 'guff' we put over. I also took them in English both academic and methodology. They would be teaching English from the 'Oxford English course' in their Primary schools starting in St V. Our guide in this method was the excellent three books, 'Teaching English Abroad' by F G French, the author of the adapted Oxford course.

'Practical Agriculture' formed an important part of the course; improved methods and demonstration plots were now part of the Primary syllabus and heavily emphasised. We showed them how to "funga matuta" - put earth barriers across the ridges so as to stop water erosion. This was not for the first time. The pre-war Tabora Secondary school paid a lot of attention to agriculture; indeed there was practical

work on the school farm (a very run down affair in 1950) and the school crest was a crossed maize plant and hoe. Gradually agriculture was pushed out by the pressure of other subjects and lack of interest from Secondary pupils. There was the same lack of interest among the student teachers.

Observation of lessons was carried out in the schools in Mwanza and our adjacent (to dignify it) 'demonstration school'. For teaching practice we sent them away to a small town, 50 or more miles away. This took a lot of organising and we only had one decrepid 15 cwt truck. The students boarded at the schools; as they were mostly day ones they had to camp out in a store or classroom and often had to make their own arrangements for food. We supplied rations and blankets of course. We also visited them, which gave us good contact with life in the villages and schools and the staff. All was somewhat basic but with students keen to qualify and get on to the bottom of the ladder it was a fairly effective operation and as much as could be expected in the conditions and time. We worked in a friendly atmosphere and had little trouble with discipline.

Pasiansi was temporary. The new building at Butimba on the peninsular - next to the Prison - the other side of Mwanza, was under construction and seemed palatial. An officer of P.W.D. lived permanently on the site to supervise. Halfway through the year there were enough buildings for us to move the first year students over to the new site. I went with them in charge and moved into the new house. I joined another expatriate, the historian Freeman-Grenville, who had had experience in Arabia. Hived off from the rest of the centre and its staff, it was administratively and in covering of the syllabus, rather a makeshift life but by the end of the year the whole centre should come across. One advantage was that with such a confined life and smaller numbers one came even closer to the students. Unfortunately I suffered from severe and recurrent giant urticaria which somewhat blighted my life. Towards the end of the year a doctor in the town hospital managed to arrest it.

Life was far less hectic than at Tabora and we had few visitors - the Director to see to the progress of the buildings; people from publishers to push a new English course "unit" course. This was based on experience with Basic English during the war. But we reported against it and it never got off the ground. We persevered with the Oxford course until there was chance to produce the special East

Africa adaptation (and later the Tanzania one). One more mundane visit was the local vet officer to deliver a calf from one of our school herd; a gruesome operation for the uninitiated observer. Another memory is the day we had news of the death of George VI. Our senior African staff burst into tears, quite genuine.

One of the staff had spent a year down in South Africa studying African music with a South African 'expert'. It struck us then as an unusual quarter from which to derive such expertise; but the teacher had been well instructed and enthused on the subject and spread his keenness among the students. We also had visits from the very candid official anthropologist in Mwanza. Our most constant contact with the Bwiru Secondary schools just across the bay - a half hours walk over the sandy shambos. That was at Pasianai. At Butimba we were more in contact with the similar Teachers Centre at Bukumbi a R.C. Mission run highly efficiently by White Fathers. One saw the strong influence that they had on the whole province, not only in education, and admired their rapport with the people.

Later in the year I did the invigilation there, always a fine chance to get into closer contact. On teaching practice down at Shinyanga I ran across Chief Kidaha and was invited by him, after lunch at his house, to attend a session of the Chiefs Assembly - they had some sort of federation. They took keen note of what I had to say of the work and future of Butimba Centre. A month later Kidaha came and spent a night with his wife at my house at Butimba. Also at Shinyanga I met an old german-speaker who said he had been the Austrian consul in Mwanza in 1914 and had hardly left the town since. On a safari in the opposite direction to Musoma peninsular I visited a school for our students and recall finding all the pupils in class but no teachers in sight; they were all at home at lunch, quite contrary to regulations. What was amazing was the quiet behaviour of the pupils. It was at another school in that area that one student got embroiled with a teachers wife - as the teacher later complained in a report on the student. It was a similar incident that led to the expulsion of a St VIII student, not too uncommon. One recreation we indulged in freely was bathing in the lake - Lake Victoria - especially at Bwiru the Secondary School. Despite the Filariasis Institute there it did not cross our minds that we ran a risk of catching bilharzia so common among the boys. The smothering lake fly were far more of a blight.

In November we had the final exams and I was due for leave. Despite the interest of this year I had decided, on being asked, to accept a posting to a secondary school for my next tour.

For leave I travelled by bus and train through the Rhodesias to Bulawayo to stay with my sister and family there. After a visit to the Victoria Falls, "Moshi o Tunya", by train again to Johannesburg where a friend of a friend took me round the Orlando Location. On further to Kimberly meeting a school friend on the station and across the Karoo to Cape Town and stay with more friends of friends over Xmas. They took me to services in the coloured townships and tea with the Archbishop Clayton. Then aboard the 4 p.m. Friday Union Castle boat for Southampton, a two week voyage during which I started "Adventures at Dabanga School".

In England I frequented East Africa House, a hostel club bear Marble Arch largely used by African students and saw a lot of Sam Ntiro the artist then in London. Tom Mboya was easy to meet at E.A. House. My return was via Italy for a tour of the main cities, marked by meeting Somalia students also at my modest hotel in Rome.

PART TWO 1953 - 1961

3. The Third Tour

Old Moshi Secondary School

For the first time I spent the whole of one tour at one school. Most fortunately this was Old Moshi. Built and opened by R Foster (who had interviewed me in '46 for the service) in the mid-twenties, it stood 1000 ft above Moshi at German Old Moshi next to the Mangis Baraza. With daily view of snow capped Kibo and college-like quadrangle buildings with central tower and the coffee shambas stretching all around it, the school had an atmosphere all its own. Most of the boys were drawn from a 30 mile radius and so were in close contact with their families, and we with their parents. They were well drilled in the many primary schools and had ambition - and perhaps applied more intelligence than elsewhere. Three other secondary schools were within 20 miles and our great rival, Lutheran, II Boru, only 50 miles away. Our connection with the Mangi of Old Moshi, on whose land we stood, and the long line of sons and chiefs from the other 14 Mangi-ates, gave us special local status and pull. Many of the boys went on to Tabora or reached considerable positions through other channels of further training. Indeed from the output of the school on the 40's and 50's came many of the senior executives

at the time of independence.

The classroom quadrangle dominated the top of the long sloping site. Some 40 small dormitories, each taking six or so boys, made lines down each side of the central stone track. At the end, athwart the contour, was a large thatch roof open sided structure that was both the dining area and assembly space. Below this was the workshop - the school had just lost its separate carpenter training course - that had been put up by the Germans and was used by General Smuts in 1916 as H.Q. In the centre of the school area was a private shamba, the traditional homestead of the Mangi's military man: Old Merinyo, who remembered tenderly the German days and was a daily witness to our routines. Water was by pipe from one of the irrigation channels a mile above the school. For lighting we used oil and for the kitchen stoves wood, of course. All around us were the steep ridges and valleys, thick with coffee and banana shambas and old forest swarming with chagga life and traditions. We were indeed a school in among the 'village' life. With no flat area around the school for games, we had to go to the plains at the foot of our steep and often very muddy road 2000 yards away. We had a school lorry, however, and willing hands to push it when stuck in the treacle like red mud. We had a telephone but mail was still collected on foot by a messenger from the town four miles down the hill, as were all our other needs.

On the staff were three expatriates, the Head being a man who was at Tabora with me, Joey Grey, and six or more Makerere Diplomates or Assistant Education Officers. One of them was a Ugandan and the proud and unusual owner of a car (pay in his home state was lower). He charged a shilling to carry anyone to town. Our relative isolation helped in establishing fairly free social contact with our African staff at the school though this did not extend to the town which had a vigorous 'white' circle. We often had them into a meal or a drink - to the surprise of some visiting senior officers. Halfway to town was another fast developing centre of inter racial social contact - that of the local administration centring on the headquarters of the Mangi Mkuu the paramount chief of the mountain. I was fortunate in having met him often in London in 1946 where he was a student. He invited me to many of his functions and so I met many Chagga.

He entertained both in European style and in the traditional one where one drank banana beer with roasted meat. He wore white shirt and shorts like a European officer. One day at my house he saw a

novel "District Commissioner" written by K Dobson a D.C. and begged a loan of it. To pick up hints? Some of our Grade I teachers were from the mountain and they invited me to their homesteads. This moving about was facilitated by the purchase of a Ford van. In fact the Director had ordered me more or less to get a vehicle; for the last four years I had only a bike. At the same time I got a fridge, also my first, oil burning of course. From the start too I had a house of my own next to the school with a fine morning view of snow capped Kibo.

Teaching apart, my position was that of Second Master with the timetable, stores and library duties. For the last six months of my tour the Head took leave so I acted in his stead and looked after the office work. We had one clerk. The common room was mixed with regular morning staff tea and weekly staff meetings.

The Head's inspection of the hundred odd buildings and 240 boys took most of Saturday morning and he followed this with an Assembly. With the mountain climate we did not find it onerous to follow the morning and afternoon teaching sessions, with games, notably volleyball - such as we could devise on our site - in the late afternoon. There was evening preparation bedeviled by the ever faulty pressure lamps.

Top class was Standard X, two of them. But we were in the process of switching from ex-St VI entry into our ST VII to an ex-St VIII entry into our St IX. This gave us a four stream two year course. This was to cope with the development of the Boarding Middle school St V to VII. For us it increased pressure for St XI and XII to be opened at our school and thus to restore a four year course: few of us liked a mere two year course even though it was the price of a more rapid expansion of mid-secondary school places. For the purposes of selection we were closely involved with, first the St VI exam - we in fact devised and ran it for the district and then the St VIII exam. This was a national exam but administered Provincially. Marking of the St VIII English paper for the Provinces came under my chairmanship and from 1954 I set, for the first of many times the English St VIII national paper for this exam. English had assumed prime role in my teaching as its importance was paramount. Both at St X and St XII School Certificate a sound pass in it was essential. As yet the control of the Cambridge School Certificate syllabus was out of our reach, but something could be done about making the St X one more

suitable - at least in my opinion. By correspondence with the Ministry and St X Committee, I began to exert pressure to make it a genuine Second language test. (At the Ministry there was now a team of three Inspectors for Secondary Schools instead of the one man previously; one of them covered English but not till about 1959 was there a full time one). The use of objective type tests was introduced in our lower level exams - even down to St VI - and experience there was useful later at higher levels. Contact with colleagues on marking boards gave great impetus in the development of ideas and our reports a way of exerting influence. Exams, what with the setting, marking and the visits to other schools to invigilate, took the place of a professional association in those years.

Specialist teachers though most of us were, the small staff and exigencies of transfers compelled most of us take on other subjects. So I kept up a role in history teaching. The syllabus demanded quite a lot explanation of the function of Government an also, for the first time, of the functioning of the economy. (Though perhaps this was in the specific Civics syllabus). Anyway experience gained here was of assistance to me in my later booklets on these topics. A supplementary Reader for English from my pen was published about this time. It originated in a complaint made by me at Pasiansi to a visiting Publisher a representative of Oxford University Press (a former Director of Education in this region in fact). My comment was to the effect that it was hopeless to expect African pupils to develop a thirst for reading if the simplified texts were such as "Sila Marner" and "David Copperfield", so remote from their experiences. What was needed was a story with a background familiar to them. His reply was "Write me one". Which I did on leave in 1952 ("Adventures at Dabanga School" Oxford 1956). This lead Richards of the Literature Bureau to ask me to revise and expand "Teaching of Civics", designed for Uganda to fit it for Tanganyika. It made extensive use of diagrams developed in my teaching. As the countries constitution changed so had we to revise the book - three times. This again led to being invited by the Inspectorate to write a History of Tanganyika in simple English for the upper forms of Middle and lower forms of Secondary Schools. The vocabulary was kept after much pruning within the General Service list of 2000 words. ("Short History of Tanganyika", Longmans 1960). These books were widely used as late as the seventies, well after Kiswahili was in wider use in schools.

These two books showed that publishers were waking up to the need of books not merely written for African pupils but for the pupils in separate areas. From the late fifties authors too came forward. Arising out of the civics lessons were some simple ones on Economics, then a novel concept. I tried to make it practical. I recall the horror which greeted my practical demonstration of the worthlessness of money as real wealth; I burnt a paper note. Near sacrilege then today the point would be all too obvious.

By now, 1953, publishers were getting into their swing and so the annual indent of books and material from England enabled us to introduce freshness into our rather drab classrooms. These by the way were open on to the quadrangle and the noise of eight classes being taught was such that it had come to the ears of Sir Christopher Cox, advisor to the Secretary of State. Indents did not take all that long. Having decided on a cloth badge for the boys' shirts, we designed it over one Xmas, sent it off and had the badges in our hands by May. Likewise we ordered colour reproductions of modern art for our walls. (In 1950 I had used a family contact to obtain free a dozen large lithographs produced by J Lyons for their London Teashops and very handsome they looked).

Art was a popular group out of the many extra-curriculum activities we ran; Sam Ntiro, a Chagga artist of note was perhaps a spur. Drama was another highly successful line. Our closest courtyard gave us the ambition of mounting a performance of Flecker's "Hassan". This we never managed but we did put on a dramatisation of the visit of the Victorian explorer H H Johnston to this very spot and his stay with the Mangi. We staged it exactly eighty years after the date of his visit and had the great grandson of the then Mangi taking the part of that Mangi. Enthusiasm for such performances depended only partly on the audience we managed to lure up from town - the state of our treacherous road was always the main worry on the day of any school open event. One such was Speech Day, for which the proximity of our intake area gave us a larger audience than was common at most schools. Academic dress graced the occasion. Inter school sports and games were equally far more frequent with us than elsewhere. As a centre Moshi, provided a range of outside speakers - West Indian lawyer and a Colonial office official working in the town and the occasional V.I.P. - one Carr-Saunders, my former Director at L.S.E. An annual "Fair" cum Agricultural show in the district

stimulated us to set up a propaganda stall with posters, school material and even a biology lesson to attract and inform the local people - a kind of portable Open Day.

Other notable events were: the visit of some British Naval Ratings up from the port of Mombasa; the capture in the area of a Mau Mau gang; Chagga Day - an annual event of traditional style but only instituted in '52 and not very popular with our increasingly sophisticated boys; the first Radio with a small battery, imported I think from Northern Rhodesia. This marked a new era in news availability both for us and the boys - and the populace at large. Soon we were listening to daily news broadcast from Dar es Salaam; at that time it had a direct relay of the B.B.C. World News...before this we had relied on three or four day old local papers. The radio also brought music which was soon resounding in the mountain air; Chagga coffee wealth enabled even boys to have their radios, increasingly. Another innovation arose out of an advertisement the Head saw of an astronomical 3 inch equatorially mounted telescope on sale in Nairobi. It meant a long days dash there and back - these were the days of Mau Mau over the stony roads to get it. A short period of familiarisation, and we were inviting boys to have a look at Saturn, the moons of Jupiter and M31 in Andromeda. That the Roman Catholic Secondary School ten miles away also had an astronomical telescope did not diminish our pleasure. The Head there, Fr Morgenroth, a student in piano of the great Edward Fischer, agreed our glass had the edge. After this the Conquest of Everest and Coronation films the school saw at the town cinema was for some of us tame. We had to use School funds to pay our way in to the Coronation film; free it would have been fine propaganda.

We had the two term year, despite the nearness of most boys' homes; they went off anyway at the long half-terms we arranged. Expatriate staff had a sea of admin work in the holidays and exam work over the longer Xmas one - academic year followed the calendar year. In one summer break I managed to learn quite a bit of Kichagga one of the three main varieties, from school boys, making up my own vocabulary list and essential grammar. For some five months I had my sister out from U.K. to stay with me. Not everyone believed her to be my sister. (Then she moved south to another sister but returned to Tanzania in S.P.C.K. in '62). As recreation I painted a good deal, walked up on the delightful ridges of the mountain, sampling local

life. Over at Marangu I mixed in the Mangi Petro Itosi circle and walked up the mountain to Bismark hut, 12,000 ft. The summit was for tourists. Urticaria had not left me nor tooth trouble. The dentist was 50 miles away at Arusha where I picked up a complete 1802 edition of Shakespeare. The trip across the plain there with the chance of seeing game and the triangle of Mt Meru in front and snow of Kibo behind made an exhilarating break. Somewhere here some Mau Mau were cornered but a plague of locusts escaped. Their voracious eating was not behind my initiating a regular issue of "posho" - maize meal - to my servant, Husein. For myself and colleagues the new import, cases of Vin Ordinaire, enlivened our social life. In the town there was a choice, the European or the African Circles. Both good company. I read from the club library (these old libraries had many near-first editions of 19th century travel books on Africa: where did they go?) and did a bit of textbook writing and painting.

Of the three expatriates, the Head and myself stayed the full 30 months of a tour but there were three changes of the third officer - the last a Soccer Blue from Cambridge, who became deservedly popular. A fourth expatriate living up at the school was the Assistant Provincial Education Officer in charge of the District, the redoubtable Mrs Vi Bryce, M.B.E. Through her we were in close contact with Primary Education. Also with such important bodies as the K.N.C.U. -the coffee Co-operative, which had recently opened there big office block and hostel with library attached, almost the first private library open to the public up-country. The hostel had a cafeteria on the top floor with views of the mountain. A book, of official nature, that interested us was the Salaries Report out in '54. This offered new terms of service, which we really had no option but to accept. I seem to recall that it did away with the possibility of resigned with pension rights at 45. About this time too I resigned from the Army Reserve of Officers.

Among the boys we had the usual system of carefully chosen prefects. Through them, we managed to keep the school area reasonably tidy and running to a timetable, not without constant pressure though. African staff were nominally Housemasters but, nearly all being from other areas and lacking a tradition for the role, and, it must be said, the adjacent housing needed, left a lot of the control to prefects. These did not unduly exploit their position - not more than any local Headman would. We certainly depended on the calibre of

prefects and were mostly lucky in our material. One Head Prefect was outstanding. Well he might be, for later he was one of the first two africans to join the Army in a commissioned rank and was the first African Army Commander. Discipline was fair, with the exception of one occasion, that of the marriage of the Mangi, whose Court and house (and venue for the wedding reception) adjoined the school - just over the wall in fact. Many boys were related to him or his bride and it was polite to be present, without specific invitation. African weddings being what they were and Chagga banana beer being what it was, strong, roll call that evening had many absentees and among those present, and absent, many drunk. A staff meeting took the view that, in behaving as they did the boys knew the penalty; we decided that they should all incur it. So the Head was voted especially by African Staff in to the role of executioner, unwilling as he was. The delinquents were told to parade in the quadrangle; the big doors were closed and then one by one the boys ran the gauntlet of the Head's imported cane as the door came ajar. Slow to start, the line gathered speed till the cane could not keep pace and the laughter of the observing boys spread to the sufferers. Yes, it had been an enjoyable wedding.

A somewhat different test came to a couple of boys who were selected to attend the recently opened Outward Bound School thirty miles away just over the Kenya border. The task was to climb Kibo peak by the non normal route. This was among the first multi-racial school events as white pupils were also in the group. On their return after a successful ascent, we were disturbed to read in the report from the supervising staff that one of our boys "showed a "yellow" streak". Nothing we knew of the boy justified this; further, the reporting officer had almost no experience of Africans and was probably judging him by alien standards. Fortunately, the Outward Bound school overcame teething problems like this and gave a fine useful experience to many boys, over the years. Our local boys did not in fact have much ambition to climb that mountain; it was left for tourists, a attitude that affected us on the staff.

Delightful as we found our mountain air and view, it had long been felt that the school must be moved nearer the town - and plains - if it was to develop. There was no room to expand and the road up to us, a constant headache in the rains. The Head was strongly of the opinion we should move. News of the decision that we were to do so and

a site had been reserved for us on the edge of the town came as he was about to go off on six months leave. So the task of surveying the site, suggesting a lay out for the buildings fell to me and was my major preoccupation for the six months. The buildings were to be from the standard P.W.D. units. Which ones and how they were to be combined on the site was left to me in the first instance. So much midnight oil (literally) and weary tramps over the rough ground of the large site, still under standing crops resulted in a carefully worked out scheme. Needless to say after my departure it was largely overthrown. I could have saved myself the energy by being less keen! It was however the fact of the new site which led me to press the Ministry for a firm date of the opening of St XI and XII. They were evasive of course but I was able to announce on Speech Day held in the quadrangle that "Old Moshi would be among the first schools to have the new St XI". Victory of a sort.

Another event of significance came during my tenure: the first post-war Conference of Secondary Headmasters. It meant a week trip to Dar es Salaam.

Travelling there by train with the American Head of the Arusha Lutheran School - all Mission Heads were also attending - I saw him take off his light shirt, wash it in the coupe toilet and hang it out of the window. My first sight of a nylon shirt. At the conference it was most exciting to meet former colleagues, also those one had heard of but never met (a common feature of our life) and discuss mutual problems with them; and to have the Ministry Officers under fire at the open sessions, not only from Mission Heads either. We began to feel that we in the field were to have some say in the way Secondary education developed; a great expansion period lay ahead and no doubt the Ministry wanted to pick our brains as well as get our cooperation. Such a gathering was costly in time and cash and the next full meeting came only after independence. But contacts and lines of thought were set up resulting in more cohesion and better planning and syllabus revision that would otherwise have been the case. One detail. Double bunks were mooted to our universal dismay, but later we all accepted them as inevitable. Socially we were regaled, even by the Governor, at his Investiture Reception. Catching a word with him, it was a chance, to press him to visit the school. Words I had at the Ministry were all about the 'new site'. (The school moved there in early '57). We were all invited by the Ministry

to write an article descriptive of the life of an E.O. Any that were suitable would be used to help recruitment in England. My effort did not meet with sufficient approval to be used. (It is included in the 'Material'). About this time a new Director was appointed as the present one went 'upstairs' to the Ministry of Social Services. The new incumbent was from Northern Rhodesia, a fact that did not go down too well with African staff. He did in fact adopt a hard line; I found myself stopped on a promotion bar, despite just having run the school seemingly successfully and also being designated as Head of another school for my next tour. These things rankled in a service where seniority - status - not salary was significant. He visited us and at the usual sundowner and chatted to staff. But a junior African teacher, clearly not used to the drinks persisted in a personal shauri with the Director, who in exasperation demanded "Get this man away from me!" A final point about the Dar Conference; we were introduced to the British council; it was from about this time that they began to be effective outside the capital, at least in my experience. But as yet they were more interested in culture than in the English Language, their one real contribution to overseas education.

Back at the school it was once more down to the new site. There was, too, a complaint over the boys' food. We had learnt to be very sensitive on this issue. It often meant that there was some other complaint behind it, but that if the food matter was settled then the deeper issues would dissolve away. There was not much to be done over improvement of the diet - cash was too limited and supplies and facilities too scanty. We could not for instance give them the local banana dish, save rarely. But petty purloining by cooks and ration-monitors and bad cooking on the wood stoves could be remedied and this usually, at that date solved the trouble. A sympathetic ear was the main thing. Another potentially more serious problem was the school driver's eyes.

Their condition was such that he could not safely drive the lorry. To obtain finance to hire a replacement, to find a reliable one and to assure the old one that he was not being thrown on the rubbish heap made quite a shauri. Such were one's petty concerns. Turning out the school to repair the final mile of our rain-ravished road, showing staff from Makerere round the school, arranging a talk by J A Sawe now back from U.K. with a degree, the first African graduate in the Department, conducting interviews in Middle Schools

all over the mountain to select the intake for next years St IX, writing a report for my first Speech Day (I enjoyed giving it), attending a staff wedding up on the other side of the mountain, marking St VIII English Exam and gearing myself and domestic staff up for long leave filled my time. Husein was the king pin of my domestic staff. Born in Tabora of a Congolese father long in the Tanganyika police, he had first come to me at Pasiansi in 1952 and stayed with me for the next 16 years. My only brush with him on this tour was over his latest wife. She had started making 'maandazi' and selling them to the boys in the morning break. I felt this compromised me, suggesting that my staff and hence I were making a profit out of the boys; a hint of school rations getting into my kitchen. My order was she must cease selling the cakes. She gave up but left within the week. Husein soon called for a replacement.

With the end of the year the boys departed and the Head returned freeing me for leave. Moshi had been good, very good; so good that I contemplated leaving the service and taking the just announced Headship of the 'private' K.N.C.U. School near Moshi, thus staying always in the area. But security, and perhaps the promised Headship at Nyakato, Bukoba after leave, deterred me.

For leave I took a French boat to Marseilles, touching at Djibouti and Beyrout. Enduring a fearful storm off Corsica we arrived in freezing temperatures. Huge icicles covered the fronts of buildings and my overcoat was in London. All the same I made the Cezanne pilgrimage to Aix en Provence and visited his studio - then still absent from any tourist itinerary. In London I was often at East Africa House, meeting Kalibala from Uganda there. He surprised me with his keenness for cricket, unknown among our pupils. Shopping for my quarters included full length curtains, white and black figures interlaced in a dance on red that are still in use today. At my old Institute of Education the lecturer in English (A V P Elliot) method half seriously tried to enlist me to help him.

4. Fourth Tour

Part One

Nyakato Secondary School Bukoba

This school was less than half the size of Old Moshi and right the other side of the country, reached by an overnight journey across

Lake Victoria Nyanza. Situated in coffee-banana country, the terrain and people were quite different, far more akin to nearby Uganda. It was easier to get to Kampala than to our Provincial capital Mwanza. The school, an assembly of simple low structures of no compelling appearance, stood five miles north of the town and had been established in the early 30's. It drew entirely from the local Bahaya population; a couple of miles away was Holy Cross R.C. Boys Secondary and just beyond that the nascent Lutheran Secondary School. My predecessor, Elwell Sutton had already departed but had left the most comprehensive take over notes. We had met twice before. There was one other expatriate on the staff, a rugged Scot, and 3 African Mak Coll men and a couple of others. One Mak Coll man had been a pupil of mine at Malangali in '47-8. Another was a Ugandan and he left after 6 months.

In 1956 the school was changing from St VII to St IX intake. So we had one St VIII, our last; two St IX and one St X. From Jan 1957 we had two St IX and two St X - very unsatisfactory we all thought. The simple buildings were set round an open square with the line of dormitories at the back. Below them was a shallow valley in which was a Ram for the water supply. But it had not been working well and a new electric pump was being installed, with a new bath house. Strangely we did have electric light, remote as we were. Also there was a small Assembly Hall, separate from the dining room; that it and the classrooms were infested with bats was a still price to pay for the facility. The classes had no ceilings and the bats sometimes sat up on the rafters all day. Classes had to be well aired from dawn so as to be habitable for first class. The roof was 'bati' corrugated iron with no ceiling and in the heavy rain oral teaching was quite impossible because of the din. Bats and dampness were blights we suffered with the whole region. Supplies were hard to come by and needed great forethought.

My Scot colleague had a girl of 10 and the only school he could get her into was over the Uganda border at Kabali. To get her there he had to run a car and make the round trip three times year; it was a great preoccupation for him, as was keeping the second hand car, all he could afford, in running condition. For Senior African staff housing was not very satisfactory. The Ugandan was in the reasonable guest house but the other married Mak Coll man (who had done teaching practice at Tanga in my time) was in a low grade house. Yet there was

a European quarter vacant. By dint of pressure on the Ministry and the D.C. I eventually got permission to move him into that house. This was, in those days, a considerable victory. Emboldened, I put him up for a car loan, again unusual for African staff then. After a few letters the Ministry gave way with grace and he got his car. As may be imagined this helped me in relationship, both official and social, with Africans. Socially the great asset in the town was the well respected Nysasaland doctor, Charles Mtawali. With him and those who were fortunate to mix with him there was no racial barrier. In this way the quiet, out of way Bukoba was more advanced than richer Moshi. He came up evening to a party at the Mak Col teachers house bringing with him nurses from the hospital as dance partners. We were all there but when the Scots wife saw the girls on the floor she mistook them for 'women of the town' and left. Fortunately her husband persuaded her to return before offence was taken.

The District Education Officer was stationed in Bukoba and though he had no direct mandate over the Secondary School friction did develop over running ST VIII exams. He wanted to make use of our staff without prior consultation as to convenience. That he was junior in staff listing to me did not help matters. Friction between those of us who elected to stay in schools and those who had opted for a "car and a telephone" in educational administration was not uncommon. In the event I fixed my own St IX selection interviews with middle schools round the district. These interviews and the contact they gave us with middle schools were an excellent thing; they gave me an early high appreciation of the efficiency and devotion in which Grade I teachers had suddenly taken on the responsibility of running these boarding 4 year schools, which had started only '52. Later the interviews were dropped as being too subjective and only the exam was used for selection. (But from '67 after Nyerere's circular on education, character assessment, based on interview, was once again given weight in selection).

Nyakato boys had a character of their own and were for the newcomer rather difficult to handle. I certainly found so. Even my very successful and popular predecessor had had one 'strike'. There was a case of boys refusing to take a small beating ordered by the staff African staff who were strong on beating. A complication was that my predecessor had rather grandiose ideas of running a school - he was Sherborne and Oxford - and was against the boys cleaning the school

area. Funds were inadequate to pay for the maintenance of the large grass quadrangle in the classroom area. It was left very untidy. This I intended to do something about. Soon after my arrival the new Director visited the school and, seeing the quadrangle, ordered its immediate improvement. "Use the boys", was his comment. This gave me a lead, but it was only by my personal example and the loyal help and even better example of Seme, the Mak Coll man who had been my pupil at Malangali, that we got the unwilling boys to turn their hand to this 'fatigue'. After a few months - and the arrival of the novelty of Lawn Mowers in place of 'slashers' they did become proud of the flowers and lawn. But the imposition rankled and came out in order areas; they jibbed at cutting the grass so they could play football.

The new Director had ordered economy in general and this led to my looking carefully at the duties of the labour force of about a dozen. Money saved in fewer wage earners could be used in alternative ways. I decided to lop off three and that one of those to go was the non-working Headman. This was a mistake. It pushed the Headman's function on to an older member of the teaching staff who taught carpentry and looked after general maintenance. But for his uncomplaining co-operation I would have been in the soup.

Things would have been more difficult but for the outbreak of an epidemic of Polio in the town. It had led to the death of the D.O.'s wife. We had just managed to have our school sports when the ban on all large assemblies came in and put a stop to the school concert, the Speech Day and big football matches. It made for a dull routine but in that there was no call to chivvy the boys into getting ready for this and that public event it did try their fragile obedience less. Fortunately we had a school radio - apparently even I managed to get it working after one failure - and this gave the boys a stag dance on Saturday evenings. They also put on some traditional and very effective local 'Ngoma', being less shy about it than the supercilious Chagga. With homesteads all around us and the small staff making duty supervision onerous, no doubt many found outside amusement. This led in one case of a prefect being involved with a local woman and a long hearing in my office. Here Bitegeko, the Carpentry teacher and Muhaya himself, steered me into sensible decision....'When in Rome;... - even the foreign law giver becomes Roman.

Towards the end of the year we had the task of trying out the

Intelligence Tests devised by Y Lule of the Institute of Education Makerere (and for a time President of Uganda in 1979). We used them with St VIII boys to help in our selection. Boys took to them well and we sent results to Makerere. But little came out of this excellent initiative. The last week of the term, the selection and public exam term, already upset by the Polio, were further deranged by a big outbreak of mumps among the boys. This and a further polio scare led us to close the term three weeks early, a quite rare occurrence. My speech for Speech Day was never delivered. But the Provincial St VIII and the Territorial St X marking kept me busy enough. There was another project on my hands. Longmans had just approached me, on the suggestion of the Ministry, with the writing of the "Short History of Tanganyika" It was going to be hard to do well in cut-off Bukoba. However it never rains but pours and just now there came an invitation from J A Bright at Makerere to help and others run the first seminar in the teaching of English ever held in East Africa. This occupied a fortnight of the Xmas break. By assembling teachers and teacher trainers from all over East Africa it marked a new chapter in the teaching of this subject, especially at Secondary level. Much stems from John Bright's initiative and expertise in all that has been good in English teaching in the whole region. Attendance there gave me some status in this subject area, needed, for my degree had been in Economics! In E.S.L. teaching, experience is the best guide, many found. In the new year as a result I was saddled with the setting of both the Territorial St VIII and St X English Papers. What with the 'History' and my increasing involvement in English methodology, running a school, a small one such as Nyakato, began to take second place. This was not good for the school. I began to think of applying for a transfer. I did so early in the new year to the P.E.O. but an ambitious man himself, he did not take my thought seriously and had done nothing about it, as I found out running into him in the local pub in February. Eventually I also wrote to the Ministry and got a reply in three weeks posted me to Tabora staff at the end of term in June, three months ahead.

For the rest of the time things jogged along and the polio ban was imperceptibly lifted. The Auditor visited us - I hid the 'goat bag' in preparation, having heard of his 'surprise' visit. My thunder-box, reputed the last one in any education house in the country, was used by the Director. We had visiting teacher-tutors

from Makerere. I paid another quick week-end visit to Kampala for some purchases out of private funds. Randall Sadlier, the floating D.O. came and talked to the boys. His stance was provocative; he goaded them into saying wild things about political development. This was quite a new line for the administration to take, suggesting that they now really wanted the young to seriously think of the future. Jack Bennett, an M.L.C. and long serving educational missionary in the region (who had been with me at the London Institute in '47) remarked at this time that independence would come 'in 15 years'; quite a bold forecast - for then. But Sadlier's line and the open chat with him in the pub to assorted Africans and whites gave the impression that the younger Admin officers were by no means fully behind the Governor's go slow, repressive measures. When I had passed through Musoma in June '56 it had been to see that the D.C. and especially the D.E.O. (the great Mary Hancock) were very close to the Africans. Mary Hancock was in close touch with Nyerere's wife and family.

A local man, holding the rank of Effendi in the Army, then the highest possible for Africans came and talked to the boys but they were not greatly interested in that career. The British Council Representative called on us, probably with a film. We held a Speech and Reading Competition against other schools and also a cross-country race. The police came and arrested the school head cook; only as a witness not as the accused. The school lorry came in useful in allowing me to carry groups of boys down to the lake shore where they began to taste the delights of swimming - few knew how. Then the P.E.O. directed me to go and dismiss a teacher in a local school, he or his assistant not being available. My suggestion that the staff should be present at my Head's weekly Saturday inspection and Baraza just once a month was not well received and we also had a disagreement about the way of appointing prefects - something to do with having boys elect them. They began to feel that I was somewhat dictatorial. I certainly was not feeling too well in myself, despite, but surely not because of the very free multi-racial social life, and was taking pheno-barbitone quite often; this had also happened at the end of the Tanga stint. My new VW, the first of a string of three, was a joy however; this and the nearing prospect of familiar Tabora carried me to the end of the term. The take over, to a man I was replacing at Tabora was marred by a missing bucket in the stores, a matter I treated too casually. Soon after he took over, he did have the strike

of pupils that had been in the offing with me but which, perhaps by a lax (or more delicate) hand I had avoided.

5. Part Two - Tabora Senior Secondary School July 1957 - 1959

Fifth Tour

Part One

Now followed thirty months at Tabora in a period of rapid change. Having been at the school in 1950-51 and as it had the same Head, J R Crabbe, it was an easy re-adjustment. Domestically I had the same house and servants throughout the time while in the school my position - from seniority largely - was that of Second Master and head of the English Department. On the staff was John Mull (we had been in the same regiment in India in the war) and over the period many younger officers arrived from U.K., their age meaning they had no previous overseas experience. They were real specialist teachers. Of Africans on the staff, George Magembe, Harubu Saidi, Cuthbert Tarimu were still there and Erasto Mbwana Magenya, George Mwaipopo and most of all Matthew Ramadhani had joined. Ramadhani, a Zanzibari and brother of a senior boma clerk I had known at Tanga, was an early graduate and a man of strong personality. (J A Sawe, also a graduate, joined us). Thus the staff were hand picked, justifiably so in that the school was still the only Government one with school certificate classes.

This was about to change. But this did not mean that we lost our senior position. Whereas there had been perforce territorial entry into St XI, now we were to have the pick of all boys throughout the territory from St VIII. This gave us one country wide St IX, keeping us as the school of the intellectual elite. It was an arrangement much disliked by other Heads, understandably so. Over the period too came the decision to start sixth form work in schools - Tabora and two others of the Voluntary Agencies and so cutting out this Intermediate level work at Makerere. This move reinforced the senior status of Tabora.

Internally the school was very much divided into Senior and Junior, or Upper and Lower. The two sets of buildings made this a necessity. Concentration of graduate teachers in the Upper school resulted and they rather felt they were slumming when walking down to the lower school. Houses were however still unified; two were in the

upper floor of the Lower School while two were in the 'new' buildings. Mine was one of these. The boarding house system worked more effectively at Tabora than at most schools, largely because each house had a senior graduate teacher in charge. House rivalry was fostered not only in sport but in dramatic activity, turn out, and increasingly in the style of end of term 'tea parties' that the housemaster put on. Five pound bags of boiled sweets, now available in the dukas, were an essential adjunct of these. In uniform the choice had gone to white shorts, which in the dusty atmosphere kept the boys busy at their self-laundering. Diet was largely unchanged and if the complaints were more, it could be from the more regular dining room visits paid by the duty teacher. Mid-morning tea was however introduced and, a very great innovation, dry rations issued for the long cross country journeys home in the holidays.

Mid-morning tea came in at the time that the staff, ably led by Ramadhani and fully supported by me, had persuaded the Head to go over to the long-morning session. So we had classes from 7.45 through until 1.30 p.m. with a longish break. Late lunch and compulsory siesta was followed by an hours study and then outside activity. The boys liked the system though they and staff found the last two morning sessions a great drag - nearly as much as the 2 p.m. classes had been. For a time staff tended to disappear after the teaching session but gradually they began to be seen around the school in the late afternoon; there was little else to do at Tabora! Getting the Head to agree to this agreement was counted as a staff-victory and countered the tendency in a large school with a fixed head to 'headmaster's rule' on the U.K. lines. In general, Heads in Tanganyika never had the power they seem to have in U.K.

Anyway the Head mixed freely - he was always present at morning staff tea. Staff room just across the entrance from his office, had a blackboard which could be used for the conveying of hints. It was rumoured that a pointed message from Ramadhani on a list of Queens Birth Honours in one year, resulted in George Magembe being awarded the M.B.E. the next year, the first African teacher to have that honour. Then too voices could intentionally raised in the staff room so as to reach the other side of the entrance!.

Socially, Tabora had widened its spectrum since '51. Crabbe was from the start very hospitable to <u>all</u> the staff and a whole stream of meals and sundowners in his, my and other staff houses, kept the

atmosphere sweet. In the town there were now more Africans with senior status. The Railway Hotel, the only good one, was multi-racial though not too noticeably so. Bars down town were a different matter and where the real contacts took place. Ramadhani was a good fellow to go round with. We knew of course that he and his colleagues would meet Nyerere when he was passing through but this made us feel more rather than less secure I fancy. There was no political upset in this period in Tabora - the suicide of the Fundikira not excepted. He was one of the old hierarchy of chiefs and in that he was replaced by his nephew (?) a well educated veterinary friend of our staff it was a welcome development, I'm afraid. The town was rocked by the news of the chief's suicide, carried out in the tradition of his family. His motive was forestalling exposure for misuse of taxes. One remembers having seen the P.C. on the very afternoon of the tragedy, waiting in his car just near the school for news from the chiefs court in reply to his 'final' letter.

His Coronation was a big event, one of those attended by a large contingent from the Girls School.

This Girls' School was the other side of the road and 'orchard' from us and a constant source of entertainment and conjecture for the boys and headaches for the two staffs. Contacts between the two were very strictly controlled; Sunday church; sports meetings; coronations and other special events - these were not enough to satisfy either the boys or, we suspect, the girls. Much ingenuity was exercised to obtain contact. A whole slang language grew up around the subject, a collection of which is found in the 'Material'. There were some 'accidents' laid at the door of one or other of our pupils but not an undue number, or such as to cause permanent rupture between the two staffs. One the whole we found their close presence a stimulation and were thankful that we did not have to run a co-educational boarding school. (One I saw in '58 in Basuto land seemed peaceful but two months after my visit erupted into a fight between male staff and boys for favours of the girls). On the teaching side there could have been greater liaison, beyond the comparing of notes. Though some interchange of highly specialised staff did occur with the start of H.S.C. classes it did not spread. The Girl's school full time Art teacher, Phoebe Summers, did however have an encouraging influence on our Makerere Art school graduate, John Somola. They shared an exhibition. Later unfortunately, like other talented African artists,

he left teaching and painting for a more routine occupation. I recall one less happy inter staff contact. We lent one of our pool of houses to a girls school teacher. It was in our area and therefore liable to the cacophonous band practices of our boys. The girls' school teacher found this intolerable and raised heaven and hell to get the practices stopped. Her Head took her side and many letters ensued. Fortunately the teacher soon got married and thus had somewhere else to live. (Women teachers lost their pensionable status on marriage, this being quite a drag on the urge to do so). I did not escape involvement with girls' school staff on a personal level. In fact with two, one from Ulster and the other a Tanzanian; tricky but more fitting that contacts made down town even though the latter included secretarial staff of the local TANU branch.

My first six months, especially, were overbusy since I was spending evenings where possible and Sundays in writing the 'History'.

With the Sixth form, extensions to the school were needed and we had long discussion. A new Assembly Hall and Dining Hall was the biggest feature. Provision of study space for the Sixth form led to some argument, some of us feeling that it was overgenerous. In fact when completed Lord James, then Head of Manchester Grammar, was surprised on a visit at its spaciousness. Sixth forms actually opened in 1959, I think. Selection was through the 'Mock' or practice school certificate exam held in the previous July. This was because the results from Cambridge never came before the end of February. The Syndicate there was pressed to advance the date but even now (1981) this has not been achieved. It was one major cause of dissatisfaction with Cambridge. Over the establishment of Sixth Form, there was a lot of contact and advice from Makerere. Being a graduate in Economics, I talked with the Economics Department there in early '59; though the preferred line was that it should not be taught at all from fear of wrong teaching, they did say how it should be if the decision was for it. It did become quite a popular choice for boys. They were indeed allowed fair freedom of choice. With the start of these H.S.C. or 'A' Levels there was an inflow of new staff but all the same it did mean that the best effort was now at the top, new top, of the school and the lower classes and even the school certificate classes suffered. Not only in teaching - they had their noses quite put out of joint by the new 'top' boys. It brought to a head what had perhaps long been dormant, the antagonism between the older and younger boys. It became

quite a problem for a few years. (See my 'Juma at Dabanga').

The sixth naturally wanted more privileges and had to be given them but this only made the school cert classes demand the same and so on down the school. Some boys spent six years at this one school, a very long time when their age was at least a couple of years above that of a boarder in an English School. We tended, partly through the Head's own past, to run the place very much as an English Public School and had the same expectations of the boys, the same regard for sports and the "direct straight in the eye" look. In that we were producing an elite and as it was a very competitive world for them, this was partly justified. In keeping the boys occupied and interested we could take pride. House Concerts on Saturdays, Socials, special outings - to the Dam, Livingstone's House, talks from visitors, not excluding rising Africans (though no politicians) and a rare American Negro, Alan Moorhead, Makerere Professors, and finally the new Governor, Sir Richard Turnbull. He came with the minimum of pomp and spoke almost on equal terms to the Upper school treating them like a baraza of chiefs. For his visit we had lined the road approach to the school. I stood with my form, one of the Sixth forms. They horrified me by threatening to hiss as he passed us - "I don't deny your right to do so" I more or less said to them "but surely it is not a very mature way of showing disagreement". So instead they cheerfully waved, as they no doubt had intended to do all along. His style was so different from that of the outgoing Governor, Twining who had visited the town in pomp and reviewed the Police at a public baraza. He admitted that he was on his way out but "I'm still your Governor", he half threatened. Ten years before he had been a breath of fresh air but the atmosphere was now thunderous.

School life included more mundane preoccupations. We had a great campaign trying to kill the bugs that infested many, even metal, beds, and the blankets. Boys were reasonably clean and they could have been right in complaining that the bugs were picked up in the dirty third class coaches they used on the trains. (The sixth had been allowed second class tickets as well as long trousers, another bone of contention). New insecticides were used but we never really conquered the problem. It affected staff, often the backs of my bare knees would be bitten as I sat on the teachers' wooden chair. In furniture we were by the way pretty well off (not the case twenty years later in those schools) in fact so well off that we had to introduce a

complicated system of numbering to straighten things out and make sure chairs stayed in the right place; it was a matter of having the correct chair, not of having no chair at all. This abundance of equipment-applied throughout. This was just before the big expansion of secondary schools and numbers were still low and funds adequate to give us more or less what we wanted. Imported javelins, the new Spirit Duplicators - on which I produced with considerable help from the boys, a new edition of the school magazine which had lapsed since I was last at the school in '51, a tape recorder and all sorts of gadgets for the new laboratories. Our first experience of a tape recorder was the personal property of one of the new young staff, John Gardner; it was at once popular with the boys. Very soon it was of direct use for we were just starting up a Oral English Test as part of the School Certificate Exam; all the interviews were to be recorded.

Fixed dates of the school year were: Founders Day in Feb, this being Speech Day and prize giving with an outside speaker, none very compelling in this period; school sports (we really did have very adequate grounds and a fair track) in May; the concert before the half year holidays. In '58 this took the form, for the second time, of a Pageant of Tabora History. Since the town dated back to the Arabs in 1830 and had figured in the German occupation and the 'Great War' there was a lot to show. In October '57 we had marked the hundredth anniversary of the visit of Richard Burton and Speke to the town. They and other explorers figured in the pageant. Staged in the Lower Quadrangle with audience in the balconies it made a splendid visual entertainment. Boys seemed to relish enacting the part of slaves and our one or two Somalia pupils did not object to being harsh Arabs. A Belgian flag borrowed from the Boma (where it was kept for reasons of diplomacy) marked the Belgian capture of the town in 1917.

Another function that was regaining popularity was the Ngoma competition. In past years, perhaps from Mission influence, tribal dances had been scorned but now very fine displays notably a stilt dance were put on especially as boys came from all over the territory. This revival had permanent effect.

Films were not too frequent; the commercial cinemas in town often had Indian shows and boys could get to week end matinees. This was one explanation of where they went at this regular break. Four hundred boys just disappeared into the town, right off the streets as

a casual check would show. But so long as they appeared at 6.p.m. roll calls and in respectable condition as nearly all of them did, we did not enquire further. Since meeting the twice weekly train from Dar was a great event it was a black Sunday when the train was late and they had to go away without seeing the usual 'unexpected' friend. One film to which we took the whole school was Richard III! But it did not hold their interest, though the tights worn by the medieval gentry aroused their scornful mirth. Another outside even was the newly started Agricultural Show, though we did not have as at Old Moshi our own stall. These shows took on a new lease of life and could be considered as practice for the Saba Saba Shows in Dar of Independence days.

For three months in the middle of '58 Crabbe was on short leave and I took over as Head. Apart from small shauris with the cooks, the prefects and of course the boys food and the bother of organising the Pageant, it was a trouble-free stand in. As it covered the mid-year break it gave me the pleasure of going round the province to interview St VIII boys for entry into our Provincial St IX a 500 mile trip in my VW. (The other St IX was a Territorial Selection). Again this gave most welcome contact with the African Grade I teacher run Middle Boarding Schools; again I was impressed at how well they did the job. A good augury for independence. Travel had become a bit easier with some improvement in the dirt roads - at least for the VW driver! My last call was the Ujiji school, a chance to visit the lakeside meeting place of Livingstone and Stanley in 1870. A stone marks the spot of "I presume". An unwelcome duty waited me on return. This was to suspend and finally hand over a letter of dismissal to a fellow officer who had been a colleague at Old Moshi and near me in Burma campaign. He was involved in misappropriation of funds. He was only the second education officer in all my time to be dismissed. The first some years before had been mixed up in some elephant tusk deal. Both went to Canada. As a service we were not perfect by any means but the actual casualties were few. Selection at home was still pretty rigorous and the sense of loyalty out in Tanganyika strong.

Like most of the other senior staff at Tabora I was closely involved in St VIII and St X examination work. In Crabbe's absence I attended the St X Committee meeting which set up the exam. Further I set papers and chaired marking committees, for the Territorial St VIII and X exams and for the former had to devise one that would

enable us to carry out our territorial selection. Specimen and actual papers had to be set. All this work, setting and examining was without any fee. Nor did we make representation to obtain one, regarding it as very much part of our normal duties. In all, our experience at running these local exams was of very great advantage when school certificate also came within our control (though this was only after independence). Marking by the way, was done at central places and though expensive in terms of allowances and travel time, it was a reason for our high standards. English marking from at least St VII was in the hands of expatriates nor was there demand from Africans that they should share the burden. But in other subjects they were taking an increasing share. Swahili of course they controlled. Printing done by the Government Printer was absolutely reliable; there were no cases of leaks. Invigilation at junior and senior levels was done by the exchange of teachers.

To revert to the mock threat to hiss the new Governor. We had abandoned ('57) the old custom of having the "Queen" played at the end of notable school functions. Some of us with keen ears had noted that at the line "God Save the Queen" and "Send her Victorious" the 's' sound was unnaturally prolonged. We instead had a school song, 'Tabora Kichwa cha Tanganyika' - a very pride-making boastful song in good public school tradition but offensive to other schools, of course. At times we had the African National unofficial anthem - 'God Save Africa'.

As for the Girls' School, we finally managed to persuade the Headmistress and her staff that common presence at concerts and the like was not enough for the senior pupils. In '58 we therefore put on the first combined 'Social' heavily and willingly chaperoned by the mixed staff. It was very sedate and with no untoward incident, the venture was clearly a success and led to a chain of such events. At the end of '59 we hired a band from the town for a Fifth Form inter School Dance, opened on the floor by staff pairs. Later unauthorised visitors from town were detected. For the band and the eatables that were provided contributions were levied on school funds and the staffs. Pupils were in general fairly well off, many being second generation of educated or even third with relatives if not a parent in averagely paid employment. For example we insisted now on shoes and stockings and most had little apparent trouble in providing them. Portable radios were common - and a menace - in the dormitories. At

the social "own clothes" was the custom. To some extent this applied at evening prep as the cold season at Tabora was pretty sharp. We were glad in a way for this meant mosquito nets were not needed, their repair thus the less frequent.

In teaching the average load was 25 to 28 periods out of 40 in a week. Saturday morning had three classes before the Inspection - which still had its former importance. For teaching, at least in the Upper classes, the boys went to the teacher so there was plenty of lively movement between classes and the path up and down to the Lower School, a real artery of the place. Prep was effectively done and well supervised by duty master visits. We had a whole flood of new books and their issue and recall quite a job. Losses were on the heavy side and penalised by fines. Thick well illustrated texts from USA were beginning to come it. Exercise books were an issue, one which had to be done with an eye to economy or there would be less cash for the textbooks. Our library had by now grown into one worth consulting and was properly indexed. Under the building extension the Upper school dining room was made into their library with much new shelving and a junior fully paid librarian - this a great step forward. Previously libraries had been run by teaching staff and pupil monitors. Terminal, that is twice yearly, exams were stiff and about the most important event in the whole year. They indicated final success or failure for there was no repeating of classes. It was by now almost unknown for a pupil to be asked to leave school because of poor academic progress, except at the hiving off points, now St VIII, St X and St XII - pretty traumatically every two years. From the Ministry a team of four or five Secondary Inspectors operated, after some years with only a couple. As they came from the teaching and Head-of-School ranks, they were well known, which could be held to have impaired their 'bite'. In fact their main concern was with syllabus revision. That published in about '53 was already up for revision in view of the coming school expansion. In that the school was aimed at the target of School Certificate, this meant increasing pressure to have a greater say with the Local Exams Syndicate at Cambridge. From about now, the late '50's the voices from overseas became increasingly worthy of their attention and got it in some measure.

As well as young graduates from England we now had new African graduates from Makerere, the first output from there. Among them was

Arnold Temu, a former Head Prefect, who came to take History. I saw a lot of him socially, assisted him in his marriage arrangements, etc. Later he went to Canada for his M.A. and joined the staff at the University of Dar es Salaam. For the senior Africans the big event was the promotion of George Magembe to the rank of Education Officer and his posting as Assistant D.E.O. for the province, the first to hold such a post. Though full forty and weakened by a sedentary teaching life, he threw himself into the arduous safari work and coped with a car. Only too soon he strained his heart and had to be whisked down to Dar where he died after a short illness. Mathew Ramadhani and I managed to see him just before he died. Meanwhile Mathew had been appointed Headmaster of Mpwapwa Secondary School, again the first African in this rank. (From there he went in '61 on a course to Manchester and fell under a suburban train he was trying to catch. His death was an even greater loss, for he had drive and would have made a most effective Chief Education Officer. He and I used to play a simple kind of badminton. As he stooped for the shuttle, his belly often made him nearly overbalance, just as it did on the cold northern railway platform). The relationship between these Africans and the expatriates was always good and we felt they thought us with them in the now rapider march towards independence. Only with the Head did I find things at times difficult; the fault being largely on my side, I'm sure. But tension there was at times. We generally managed to ease it after a space and the friction led to as much benefit in the improvement of the school after the contentious issue had been resolved as to its opposite. A strong Head needs a strong countervailing force at times.

So long leave at the end of 1958 was most welcome. I drove in my VW down through Northern Rhodesia stopping off at Munali, their equivalent of Tabora with old friends from the Institute. Also at the Fletcher High School for Africans in Southern Rhodesia. Both were equipped better than us but their pupils had a more limited future at that time. After stays with the elder and the younger sister (she who had been with me at Moshi) I headed for South Africa which was

necessary for at the time it was a condition of leave that at least three months of it would be spent outside the tropics. On due date I left my relatives and hastened across the line of 23 1/2 degrees south to investigate life in Afrikanerland via Jo'burg to Lorenzo Marques. There one could mix racially and find Portuguese hostile to the Salazar regime. And even liberal Afrikaners. Then on to the Cape where it was still possible to sit on a park bench with a coloured. For the rest one can only repeat Alan Paton's title, "Ah, but your land is beautiful". I included a trip up to Basutoland and hearing Pro L J Lewis of the Institute London deliver his address at Roma University. I had known him in London in '47 and in '62 he was out in Tanganyika heading the Unesco commission on education. (A report on African schools in the Rhodesias written at the time is included in the 'Material'). The leave ended with a short stay with John Bright at Makerere and in the student hostel to get abreast of his latest ideas on the teaching of English. His graduate students were already arriving in our schools. One, the excellent, Vicky Mwanjisi, sister of an old pupil of mine now in TANU, was at Tabora Girls school. Many former pupils were now enjoying the wider life of the bigger campus at Makerere and made one feel it even more worthwhile to get as many of our lads there as possible. They competed for places with the Kenyans and Ugandans so it was a struggle all the time. There was some kind of quota but Tanganyika students were always in the minority.

From leave I settled back to spend a whole tour at Tabora, quite content as Second master. But it was not to be. The new Director Lewis Jones was in a hurry to push development and wanted to make use of bodies. So Mull went to run Bwiru, Sawe to the Ministry - and in default of Magembe probably - and myself to take over Mzumbe. This was from Elwell Sutton, from whom I taken Nyakato, Bukoba; he went on to do excellent work on the Inspectorate. The man to take my post was Hobbs who till recently had spent all his time at the European Secondary School at Kongwa (just moved to Iringa and made multiracial. His transfer to us was part of the de-segregation of schools and staffs). This multi-racialisation of schools was to begin with a slow process and hardly affected us. A handful of boys were chosen as guinea pigs for joining the former white school now at Iringa. There they lived at European standards - levelling up, not all-over equality was to cry. Some way of picking them out - partly by background was

devised. The experiment did not last very long as with independence the white school population declined greatly. Indian Day schools were the most affected and had large intake of African pupils. Like so many matters this was one that was carried out after. though planned well before, independence.

Now that Tabora was becoming the 'A' level cram shop and other schools were being given their first school cert classes, it made sense for the Ministry to staff Tabora with new recently trained graduates and utilise older officers like Mull and myself to build up new school cert classes elsewhere. It is to be remembered that personal preference was only a secondary consideration at the Ministry when they placed officers in slots all over their postings board. This switching between teaching specialisation and administration (schools being part of the Government system had a complicated office routine and there was generally only one low grade clerk, really a typist, to assist) did lead to a loss of edge in each capacity. Mull for example, like me had been a Head of a small school already and had liked the posting at Tabora where he was an extremely valuable head of biology. A couple of years later he went to the Grade I Teachers College at Dar to its great advantage, in independence days.

One English teaching matter is worth mentioning. From early on we all knew of the value of reading as reinforcement of language learning and tried rather in vain to get boys to read simple supplementary stories. One trouble was the lack of attractive themes. Another was that they held only factual books, those directly related to other school subjects, were worth their while. It was Crabbe, advised by contacts at Makerere, who introduced a new idea for the St X examination; this was there should be a paper to test reading; a list of 40 supplementary readers were drawn up and questions were to be set on all 40. Candidates were to answer questions on any 10 books. Many of us reacted unfavourably at first. It would lead to teachers cramming pupils with plot outlines, we argued; reading was stimulated by interest and not be exam questions. But Crabbe had his way and the paper was set. At least it meant that schools did renew their stocks of supplementary readers and became involved in choice of titles; the older teachers who had relied on the 'explication du texte' method, exhaustive study of a set piece, were perhaps never convinced. But gradually over the years pupils did develop the habit of story reading. Whether the exam had anything to do with this is

to be doubted. I heard that the candidates' answers were never actually marked.

English and how it was taught was a matter of concern to all teachers. A good certificate at St X or School Cert level depended on a credit in English. Only too often a pupil would do very very well in all other subjects but only get the bare pass in English and thus not be eligible to pass on into the next higher step in his education. Obtaining more credits was the over-riding aim of the English Department. In the parallel subject, English literature, this was an easier matter but quite rightly a credit in that area was not admissible. Many of us held that Literature as then defined had nothing to do with language competence. So at Tabora those weak in English were not put in for Literature. Books set for the latter were in any case mostly from the Nineteenth Century or even earlier (one year Chaucer in the original was set!). But at the same time we had to get these weaker vessels to read read and read, not an easy task. Their inability to read and to comprehend without teachers help was becoming a great hindrance in those who went on to Higher School Cert (this was with those who had in fact got an English credit). So other subject teachers, who had previously held that English was irrelevant, now began to be interested in it for that reason. In that from Tabora it was possible for me to exercise considerable pressure in the area of English teaching, my removal to a Headship and its extra cares, diluted my influence and attention.

To be candid it would have been better if my posting had been to the Inspectorate in Dec '59 and not in Dec '61. It was a move that had been hinted at by my seniors as early as '56. What happened was that the first ever full time Inspector of English was appointed just as I went to Mzumbe. It was of an officer, a female, who had no experience of Tanganyika and who had indeed come to us from Cyprus. She had been intended for a Headship, but the Headmistress of Tabora Girls was transferred (to her great indignation) to that school and so another post had to be found for the newcomer. She was offered and accepted the Inspectorate. In the two years before I took her place there was no support from the Inspectorate for reform of English and of the School Certificate syllabus in particular. However I greatly enjoyed by ensuing two years at Mzumbe.

6. **Fifth Tour**

Part Two - MZUMBE Secondary School Morgoro

December 1959 - December 1961

Mzumbe had until 1952 been the Government African Secondary School in Dar es Salaam, Kichwele St. Ilala. In the centre of the African part of the capital - not unlike Tanga - it dated back to early British days. Its site opposite the Brewery established in German times was not it was hinted, accidental. Like Tanga it was half boarding and many well known characters, first among whom is Rashid Kawawa had sat at the desks there. When it moved to Morogoro, 120 miles inland, those who had been day boys became boarders and intake from the rest of Coastal Province widened.

The site at Morogoro, or rather 12 miles east of it, was chosen since there were a few superior type houses and some other structures left by Steel Bros, who had been carrying out road construction in the region. A simple quadrangle of classrooms and dining hall, laboratory block and dormitories were erected, as were smaller houses for less senior staff and the school opened. The site was on a slight knoll and commanded a magnificent panorama of the Uluguru Mountains with a steep 8,000 peak dominating the vista. Soon the school had a neighbour in the shape of the Administrative Training school with a couple of expatriate officers - one Z E Kingdon - to run it. They were very welcome. From the foot of our short feeder road there was tarmac right into Morogoro, then a bustling near town and Provincial capital.

This time Elwell Sutton was there to hand over in person to me and to introduce me to the local circle. There were four or five other expatriates with the senior Mike Gledhill arrived after my arrival (later Director of Education Co Down, Northern Ireland) and the same number of old and young Makerere men, non graduates. One of these was Reuben Seme and another Hatibu, both of whom had been with me at Nyakato. It was a young staff and welded into a harmonious team by the ability and leadership of Elwell Sutton. He as at Nyakato had designed a very fitting school crest depicting the mountain peak and a suitable aspiring motto. He left another fine co-ordinated school and a badge - still in use in 1979 - at Mpwapwa, where he had gone from Nyakato and had handed over to Ramadhani. At Mpwapwa in about '57 or '58 he had got into trouble with the Ministry by inviting

Nyerere, who happened to be visiting the township, to address a school society, the first time that he had done so. But it was strictly 'not for the record' and Elwell Sutton had much to do to live down his admirable indiscretion.

The boys were very coastal and 'townee' and a good half of them were Muslim. The most endearing of them, the townees apart, were from Mahenge, the Wapogoro, right away across the Rufiji. Many more were from the immediate district round the other side of the Ulugurus. Classes ran from St IX to XII - at least double stream all the way with a hint of triple to come in the lower two forms. We had electricity from the town, water and a lorry. We were well equipped. Academically we did not have the level of ability found at Tabora and Moshi, though a sprinkling of Wapare, who came to us in St XI, did raise the standard in top forms. St IX was recruited entirely from the Province and Dar es Salaam (though increasingly boys from the city were being switched into the former Indian schools) but entry to St XI was controlled from the Ministry and we generally got boys from our own and Tanga Provinces. (This movement from school to school at a change of level made a unified syllabus for the whole country absolutely essential. Even so one tried in vain to ascertain from the previous school how and what parts of the syllabus had been fully covered). Since it was clear that many of even the St XII would not go on to 'A' levels, Elwell Sutton had tried to diversity the activities. As regards subjects this was not yet feasible but, with a good Carpentry section and many thriving out of class activities, he had built up a sense of purpose among boys and staff. It was not too hard a task to carry along with his intention.

A first chance to demonstrate this out of class enthusiasm came when Seme broached a plan to convert a rough field on the edge of our area into a new sports ground. It meant the arduous labour of de-stumping and re-sowing. As at Nyakato over the Quadrangle Garden, he set a personal example of sweaty labour; the project was christened 'Kilombero' after the newly opened Sugar Estate away on the Rufiji. It took a couple of months, but he achieved the target of holding the annual sports there in '60.

A second project entirely his in conception and execution, was to lead a part of boys to climb the peak of the mountain overlooking us. No boys had ever done so and few adults. First he had a practice climb up a round bossy headed lesser height in sight of the school.

He persuaded me to accompany them. The final stages were in thin cloud and involved boys pushing my breathless self up the barely seen track. As the sides were precipitous I was afraid of an odd boy falling off. The second venture at the end of the year was on the main peak. They were away over twelve hours and found the upper heights densely wooded until the bare rock of the peak was reached. On this occasion they managed to scale the lesser one. But nothing daunted they had another go at the higher one the next year and reached the summit just in time for me to congratulate them at the end of year Speech Day. It was a feat fully worthy of an Outward Bound Course (and has not been repeated I think since).

As for routine we had morning and afternoon classes, as the heat though great was not as oppressive as inland Tabora. There were no classes on Saturday as the staff claimed they had to get to town. In my second year however under the prompting of one keen newish expatriate they offered to teach two classes before the rigorous Headmaster's Inspection. That was always a lengthy affair for so many matters pertaining to repair of the buildings and missing of damaged kit came up in the seeing every boy and structure. Cleanliness in the kitchens and latrines and the whole area generally was a constant struggle; one could not let up but often wondered what good it did. (The answer came in a bulletin from the President in about '74 when, after over a decade of letting things slide, he called all leaders to insist on the 'old' standards of hygienic cleanliness in all buildings and areas. To some extent his call has been answered). As usual boys had Saturday afternoons and Sunday free. I had begun to feel that we left them too free and that many were bored and would have welcomed some organised activity. At many Mission schools this was done and I did not notice that the boys were particularly resentful. One own activity they did have, that of making music. We had two self-taught dance bands in the school. These were the days of young Cliff Richard, and the most successfully imitated model. Mention of Sunday activity stresses the point that the two periods of Religious Instruction that were on the timetable were only too often a waste of time, either because no outside teacher appeared - there was hardly ever one for the Muslims - or that such teaching as there was was repetitive as there was no agreed syllabus. Civics was a little better. I made it my business to take the lower classes combining them for the purpose. In the run up to Independence one was at more

liberty to deal with hitherto barred political mattes but I played safe by always trying to deal with the economic aspects rather than the contentious political on. We had among the boys some following of the rival party to TANU - Zuberi Mtemvu's. He was also an old boy of the school and known to me. In fact he called on me at the school, a visit which was soon followed by one from the Special Branch to enquire what he had to say. At times the many contacts one had had over the years with a wide range of Africans made the ice below one's feet a trifle thin.

As at Nyakato, I had a weekly staff meeting. It lasted less than an hour and was 'time-tabled'. There was always something to say even though we all met every day at morning tea. Other schools had longer meetings and wider intervals but the weekly short session was better for keeping in contact. Bigger issues would be taken a bit at a time from week to week. Though there were quite a few arguments we avoided serious disagreement. One issue was finding new names for the houses in place of the traditional Animal names. Some wanted one after Magembe, who had just died but I felt this was too early to establish a precedent.

In housing I again managed to be successful. One of the senior type houses was occupied by a Road Foreman, from Seychelles, who really ought to have been accommodated in town. I pressed the matter and after quite a tussle he was found a place there and the house given to Hatibu, though it was of higher status than his rank warranted. Things like this counted well with the staff. With another young Makerere man I was less appreciated. We were on friendly if guarded terms and would share a glass together. It was over a drink at my place that a propos of nothing he said "We all hate you". It rather knocked the stuffing out of all our self satisfaction... I still recall the calm off hand way in which he said those words. It was not meant personally but just as an expression of the fundamental attitude of Africans to us, who had invaded and ruled them.

Term started with collection of fees. As the years went on fees had become higher and the exemptions and excuses mor numerous, making it quite a jungle to wade through as they arrived. Many of the shauris dragged on over the term and were hardly economic in view of the highly paid time of D.C.s and myself they took. The principle of paying was held to be the valuable thing. Later I passed the task on

to a new African graduate much to his disgust. This was Mkatte, a product of Puju who came from the farthest reaches of this province and a very poor home. For two months he lived with me, as there was no other accommodation at the school. AT the same time Francis Msangi, a student art teacher from Makerere, was also staying with me for the same reason. We three made quite a bachelors mess. It was a valuable experience for me. Fortunately my house with its lovely view of the mountain was a rambling three sided affair having four bedrooms. The fourth was a tiny box affair barely big enough for a bed but it was all I could offer the British Council Representative when he arrived with some films and agreed to stay overnight.

Mzumbe was the largest African Boarding School outside but near to Dar, just over a couple of hours drive away. So with inflow of visitors that the early prospect of independence drew to Dar we were a ready port of call. Life was hectic, socially and professionally. Proximity meant too that I was often in Dar for personal reasons and because the Ministry wanted me on some committee. That the Chief Inspector was my old head at Moshi and his deputy my predecessor at Mzumbe could have had something to do with it! Anyway I was on the St X Committee, the adhoc one remodelling the St VIII exam, the P.E.O.'s conference as the representative of Heads and at the special meeting called when the Syndics from the Local Exams Committee Cambridge came out. This was my first contact in person with this body, a contact that carried through to 1985.

Visitors: the first of note was Sir Christopher Cox, Advisor to the Secretary of State. As usual he was impeccably briefed and interested in every detail. With him was the Director. Then came the U.S.I.S., United States Information Services, who were just spreading their wings. Next an old colleague, the Pasiansi TTC Head Cameron now in charge of planning at the Ministry with money for building development. This meant liaison with the PWD of course. One of the small improvements was a small veranda in front of the classrooms to protect the boys from both rain and sun. Each class opened straight on to the quadrangle and I thought, but not all agreed, the veranda an improvement. The small staff houses were upgraded. But the big grant of money for a double storey well-type library did not come for a couple of years.

The real star of the visitors in this first year was Nyerere himself. It happened in this way. I heard from Teddy Kingdon that

he was to visit the Admin School next door and stay the night at Kingdons. Why could he not come along to us next morning? Well first his consent had to be obtained, not so easy as we were not supposed to have direct contact with politicians. But on a visit to Dar I took advantage of the knowledge that his habit at that period was to gather with his aides for a quiet lunch on the veranda of the New Africa Hotel. I seized my chance and accosted him in a quiet moment and in a quick exchange got his consent. Now I had to square it at the Ministry (as Elwell Sutton had not done a couple of years earlier). Well, times had moved on and, confronted with a now fait accompli, they gave in with good grace. We at Mzumbe felt honoured and pace-setters indeed. Nyerere's visit to us in May 1960 was the first one he made to a Government School with official approval. Came the occasion, the night before I met him at the Admin School Sundowner and outlined the procedure to him. About 9 next day he came over and first went in to meet all the staff. Then he was to review the school on parade - it was a Saturday. Things were held up by the late arrival of his TANU publicity man (formerly a teacher at Pasiansi - the one who had studied music in South Africa). Nyerere gave him a rocket - the same sort as any expatriate officer would give to an erring subordinate. Then he took the parade with aplomb; after all, he had been one of the most efficient Head Prefects at Tabora some 15 years before. He did however decline to 'raise the flag', part of the parade routine. Then we proceeded to the Assembly. He spoke in English - I should have invited him to use Swahili at least part of the time. His theme was simple, work hard, "do what you are told; respect your seniors - don't think that independence means freedom from obedience or that there will be fewer white men - no, there will be <u>more</u>. And don't think it will be a time to rest. No! You may say we have been exploited up to now but <u>I</u> am going to <u>exploit you</u> more than ever before". The boys lapped it up. Then he shook hands with the prefects and was away. Later the same day we heard him put over the same message, in swahili, to the town people, suitably adjusted.

Close on his heels came Professor of Education at Makerere, an old acquaintance, Eric Lucas. None of his current students were with us but they could be coming. He renewed contact with Seme, who he well remembered. Perhaps it was an upshot of this visit that when Seme was awarded a bursary to take a degree in U.K. in the coming year it was Kings College, Cambridge, Lucas' own college that offered him

a place. Phumbwe was also given a bursary but his was taken up at Swansea. Gledhill now (April '60) arrived from Bwiru and was a great support for the rest of the tour; he took over the school from me later. He was in time to attend but not help prepare the Concert. We had a stage and curtains at the end of our long dining assembly hall, which served us well. There were a large number of items from all levels of the school, sketches, swahili and English, music from bands and singers, tribal dances and short pithy recitations. We prided ourselves on our rehearsals and timing. Quick change from item to item was not a common feature of school concerts but we set a high, if novel, standard. The large audience from the town appreciated this. We made it quite a 'do' with senior staff having a small dinner party of guests to precede the performance, a routine culled from Tabora. A visiting American Professor of Bryn Maw was warm in her comments.

Next came a Garden competition. Each house was encouraged to create a flower garden in the area around their dormitories (three to a House) and Seme had organised the competition. Boys were keen and colourful gardeners. Other events during the year were the now popular Ngoma competition, the Singing one, a Debate against a nearby TTC and the Marian College (an American run RC Girls School; with the sisters there we had the most delightful relationship), a 3-mile race, the School Sports of course, and countless football matches. For these we were in the town league and the partisanship was fierce; the Cross Country, part way up the mountain, a Handwriting competition - this my idea for the standard was declining rapidly and many 'Vichekesho' - impromptu swahili drama put on by the boys independently.

End of term and the usual business of railway and bus warrants. These took a great deal of time to prepare and this was only after checking the actual journey the boy claimed was one he was entitled to. Many tried to go off on jaunts or pretend that their parents had been transferred. One powerful argument against the three term system was that three instead of two return warrants would be needed. Also the handing in and issue of boarders equipment would be three times; this quite apart from the extra expense. To cheer the boys on their way on this occasion came the burglary of the small shop on the school premises. How it had been allowed there was a mystery - no other school had one on site. A wide range of products was available, but

not beer.

During the holidays I got down to compiling a list of common errors in English at St X level to be used as a guide in teaching and in assessing the exam papers. It was among the first of many such lists and later was collated with others. For recreation, I got out my oil paints - portraits and landscapes were my line. For portraits it was easy to get a servant or a schoolboy to sit. As work, I started on the long list of Middle Schools that had to be visited all over the province to interview boys for the next years intake. As well as recording one's personal impression, one looked at the boys' school records and assessed their reliability and grading compared with the other Middle schools. Each boy got some ten minutes. During the next few weeks I worked over the whole province. (The following year I spread the interviewing among three other senior staff but in any case the interview was being phased out).

Just as the boys returned the most senior of the Africans, Mazula, went off to take up an Assistant P.E.O. post and another, Hatibu, elected to enter Local Government administration. These together had produced a book for teaching Swahili, I gave some encouragement. Competition for the services of experienced African teachers in other fields than education was increasing. About this time the Police held their Territorial Sports in the town and made quite a public affair out of it. They made a special appeal for recruits with prospects of early promotion to Form XI leavers; senior Police Officers came and talked and in the event some four or five boys joined them at the end of the year and very soon were Sub-Inspectors. Another sign of the times was that, after I had a shauri over some of the Subordinate staff at school - cooks probably, I was visited by a representative of their Trade Union. Fortunately they were fact finding rather than trouble making - but I trod warily.

Senior staff followed this up with a request for generous use of the school truck for 'staff welfare'. They already could put themselves, wives or servants in it when it made regular trips to town on school business - we all did this - but they wanted more, special trips for staff alone. There was an offer to pay the petrol but it was not easy to 'receive' such revenue; it amounted to the forbidden sale of Government stores.

Entertainment for a good section of the boys came with the high quality performance of 'H.M.S. Pinafore' by the Marian Girls College.

Like the R.C. St. Mary's at Tabora (and us!) they reached the highest level in the precision of their dramatic productions. (It is not irrelevant to add here than the only orchestra in Tanganyika capable of playing classical music and composed entirely of africans was one trained at the carpentry school at the great Benedictine mission at Peramiho Songea - "in my country all the best musicians are Bavarian village craftsmen", explained the Father conductor. African choirs were common place but few 'took' to classical music). Another entertainment was the film of 'Henry V' brought to us by the British Council - surely a rather strange choice as we approached independence! But many of the cultural activities of the Council seemed to me wide of the mark. One week-end the Scouts took off into the hills for a camp; they were a small but keen band and about the only one which had regular contact with Indians, also in the movement. Good scouting behaviour was not displayed by an earlier member of the troop. An old protegee of Kambona in his Dar childhood, he, loved to excel and could not endure being beaten. When this was about to happen in a long race at the sports, he threw an obviously faked lameness; never had I heard such a outcry of catcalls against one of themselves as came from the rest of the boys. (Later this lad rose with Kambona and fell with him, being in his 'secret police').

Another staff shauri came to a head. For long our Medical Dresser had maintained a such standard of insobriety and inefficiency and truculence that I had asked for his dismissal - with the support of the staff, who often had to cover up when boys were sick in the night. After a great deal of pressure the Ministry agreed to remove him - on transfer; some other school would have to suffer his malfunctioning. Another sign of the times; it was no longer easy to get rid of inefficient staff. I had some trouble, too, with the young Headman of our gang of half a dozen labourers, who was from Northern Rhodesia, and was only too ready to vent on my slightest discourtesy, given way to in the heat of trying to get some work out of the gang, all the venom that life in that racially divided country had fostered in him. A more cheerful event was the arrival of three student teachers from a Grade I college. Their accommodation was always a problem. They were above schoolboy status but it was not usual or easy for African teachers to have them as paying guests. Usually we found a store for them. Difference of diet was always a barrier between expatriates and local staff, except with those who had been

at Makerere. It held us back from having meals in the school dining hall though a good duty master would taste, and even eat a good portion of, the day's meal. Eating with the boys might have been misconstrued too. I recall the comment years ago at Tanga of an African priest on the practice of an ascetic white priest who always 'ate African': "It is propaganda meant to show us that our food is perfectly adequate and that we don't need better or more pay to buy better". This suspicion hung round all efforts at freer mixing, but the efforts were persevering with all the same. Sharing liquid refreshment was a different matter and it was through this both in our homes - especially when far from town - and in public places, that good relationships were established and fostered. All the same one much admired the Roman Catholics for running a common mess for all staff, priests and Brothers that is.

The theft at the school shop was followed by a worse incident in a nearby village where an Indian shop keeper was murdered. We went to the funeral and found that two Ministers from Dar had come along, one of them the Indian Jamal; he was M.L.C. for the area and had already taken an interest in the school, contributing to the fund on request.

About this time too there was an extra-ordinary meeting of the Morogoro Club to vote on the proposal that non-Europeans should be allowed to join or be invited. A pro-party was organised by Callaghan, the D.P.C. I had warm contacts with him and he took close interest in the school. But the vote was defeated. I never really understood the opposition to having African members.

Over a similar proposal at Tabora a year or two before, I had argued that to have them would make the club a far more interesting and lively place. As a bachelor I probably discounted the female opposition.

End of term approach meant exam meetings and marking. At school cert level we were now operating the English Oral Test and this meant special co-ordination meetings and exchange visits of examiners. Organising this and the rest of the school Cert with its stringent Cambridge regulations and demands - specimens for the biology a special headache, though this year one demand was for living cockroaches, which were found in plenty in the Headmaster's Kitchen - and running our own Territorial St X at the same time, and being involved in the 'entry' St VIII exam, called for a higher level of

organisation than we had been used to. Distances and the postal delays were great impediments as also the weather; the rains often came at this period.

At the same time we mounted our Speech and Open Day, quite an elaborate affair. For one, we had secured a Minister of Central Government, a TANU man, to come. This was the first year it could have happened, TANU ministers having only just come in. Kambona had accepted - he was Minister of Education - but in the event his ally, Kahama of Industry, deputised for him. I had known his as an official of the B.N.C.U. Co-op at Bukoba. A good well mixed audience led by the P.C. and local Chief filled our hall for the Head's Report, Prize-giving (modest awards) and guest of Honour's address. Given the H.M.'s report was about the one thing I fully enjoyed about the post, carefully preparing the material and trying to make it interesting. The formality of the whole ceremony went down well. After the speeches - the Ministers was apt but the great thing was that it was an African politician speaking - the many displays in classrooms, library, laboratories, of Art, of Scouting, with boys as guides kept the decent crowds on the move. If we did not have many parents, there were elder brothers or men with children in other schools and this effort to get them more involved with what went on in school - and with the cost entailed - instead of leaving all decisions to the professional, opened a new door. To close, the sundowner in the Head's house for over 50, including all the staff of course. There was no 'entertainment allowance' and to be frank one never thought there should be; the outlay was part of the job, part of tax on a fair salary.

With the marking of exams involving the participation at St VII and X levels, came the selection. For the whole Province St IX entry was dealt with by committee with representatives of all bodies, types of schools, concerned. It had grown to be a cumbersome affair and the numbers dealt with large. We went straight down the list of results. The interview came in when the Head concerned decided if he wanted the pupils in question or not; in the latter event he was passed to the non-Government schools. By and large we were still taking from our own feeder schools but selection was public so that choice was seen to be fair, and also to cope with eligible pupils left out. Selection for St XI was handled by the Ministry and we had to take what was given. We could not even select our own St X pupils without Ministry

sanction. They also handled the tiny entry into Territorial St IX at Tabora, now about to disappear, and into the 'European' Iringa school.

A distressing incident that took place just after the exams (and a possible result of them) was the Head Prefect, previously a very reliable steady chap, running berserk round the school. One had had such incidents before not however of a Head Prefect. His peers took it very calmly, as did all the juniors, 'it might happen to me', seemed their attitude. Soon after this, he left to join the Police where he did well. Another episode involving a prefect was one who beat a boy severely without reason; it was a case of rivalry or personal animosity and as such very rare.

End of year visitors included the officer i/c Teachers Colleges at the Ministry with some Australians - very unusual visitors and the Extra Mural Tutor from the now opened University of Dar es Salaam. A new face, but one that was to stay, was of a middle aged expatriate who had been half a dozen years in Ghana, also unusual provenance for new staff. A Professor of English, a genuine West Indian on his way to the conference at Makerere, called in and was a little taken aback by our rather different attitude to Literature.

My own way of marking an end to the term was a party in my house for the Prefects; they did a lot in keeping the school on course, not but that it was a good experience for them. Did I allow them a little beer? I fancy I did.

During the holiday I was called down to the special St VII exam conference, going with Vicky Mwanjisi, who had been at Tabora Girls. During the evenings we met one of her brothers, one who had been an early pupil of mine and was now close to Nyerere in Tanu. He looked worn out - it was not all fun and games he indicated but hard work trying to get some semblance of organisation into the enthusiasts. Having helped to remodel the exam in its final form, we made our way back only to run into a very hostile crowd blocking the road 50 miles out. A Greek ahead of us had run into a drunk man who had suddenly veered out into the road in the dusk. Now the crowd seemed on the point of lynching the Greek. Vicky at once saw what she must do. Ordering me to keep out of it "another white face will aggravate them more", she said, she quietly approached the fringes of the crowd and began to talk. Soon many were listening to hear what she said and had ceased beating the Greek. What exactly happened I can't recall but eventually he and we got away though the crowd was still very ugly.

'Never stop even if you hit a person' was the advice or rather order at this time and one could see why.

My sister, up from Rhodesia, was staying with me and Vicky came in to join us for a few days, very pleasant for all concerned. 'Nina and Fred' were all the rage and the two girls spent hours taking down the words of their songs from the LP record I had - one which had been highly popular at the schoolboys' socials and tea parties. My records of them and Congo Swahili music were always being borrowed.

With the start of term came the problem, a new one at the time, of a teacher who was a Seventh Day Adventist. He did not want to teach or do any duty on a Saturday but there was no provision for this - Muslims could equally claim not to work on Fridays. Later they were allowed to have the day off - The SDAs, but then it created a hostile feeling among other staff. Soon after this the Director arrived with a group of American academics, the organisers of "Teachers for East Africa". This was to recruit and employ them in the same way, but not at the same low salary, as teachers from Britain were taken on. They came to size up Mzumbe as a typical up country school. The first batch came direct to schools but a later development was to send new graduates to Makerere for their Teacher Training. By the way, by this date, recruitment from U.K. was no longer on P & P terms but on short renewable contract. The first wave of Americans arrived in September that year, '61 and we got four. It was a most refreshing contact and though there were acclimatization troubles, in particular about grading work, their grading being so much more generous than ours, they settled down well. Accent was a bit of a problem and later many of them found to their cost that being too familiar and free and easy with the boys did not work out. The earlier arrivals were perhaps better briefed and more willing to fall in with our ways, in particular the 'given' syllabus, than later on. It was a happy start at least.

Soon after this came a full visit from the Minister, Kambona. He toured the school, took a parade salute and addressed the boys. Then I gave him lunch with a party of a dozen big shots. In the evening a sundowner for the staff. The P.E.O. who was present had been his teacher and the Minister cheerfully recalled old times, even old punishments. (This was common; old pupils loved to recall the beatings, and troubles they got into and bore no grudge). Over at the Administrative School, Nyerere was opening something. I was present

and recall him commenting just as he was about to give a speech: "the nice thing about my new position is that people write speeches for me". Also - memorable words these: "what do we need an Army for in Tanganyika? We shan't want one...".

Next came a visit from the complaints-seeking D.O. from Public Relations, Randall Sadlier. Again he addressed the boys, as he had at Nykato, and needled them into asking awkward questions about the immediate future. He always seemed disappointed that their political fervour was not red hot; perhaps they were more worried about school matters.

Then a couple of Co-operative Officers from Ghana came next door and of course we had them across to talk to the boys. Their colourful robes made the biggest impression and they were themselves overjoyed to find Cassidy could talk about Ghana, where he had recently served.

As may be gathered this was the excuse for another sundowner. We did have rather a run of them. Unfortunately one of our staff got increasingly 'out of control' on these occasions. One had learnt to expect this and count it as part of the price. But he poor fellow wrote off his brand new car for which I had at last got him a loan, on this occasion and I had to get him the ten miles to the hospital where he was not very amenable to taking treatment. Another, entirely sober visit at night to a hospital was with a senior expatriate colleague whose just-pulled tooth would not stop bleeding. They could do nothing except to say he must be taken to Dar. The bleeding got so much that his wife implored me to drive him then and there to Dar. So at 3 a.m. we set off, my right-hand man apparently bleeding to death on the back seat but we arrived at dawn and handed him over to trained hands before the worst happened. I took the opportunity of calling at the Ministry about a small current matter and was not best pleased when they commented on my being there 'again' and my unshaven state.

Another visitor from the Colonial Office was in town for a few days and we saw quite a bit of him; education was not getting less attention than other Departments. A more relaxed contact with the P.C.'s circle arose over the painting competition organised by his wife. Some works by the boys were included among the many semi professional efforts and there was gratifying public interest. Then on March 29th we halted classes in mid morning to listen to a radio broadcast of the Governors speech. It announced the date of

independence for 9th December that year. The quiet reception of the news indicated I think that its import was only slowly being taken in. Coming as it did just after some disagreement about how school badges should be worn and over special food for Id el Fitr, this new, heavy matter was a little remote. The staff were reminded of the impending future by a circular asking for volunteers for the Foreign Service. Seme and Phumbwe were off to U.K. for degrees in June and could not apply but Mkatte did and was subsequently appointed and sent to New York after a year's training at Cambridge. For some time he nursed a grudge that my confidential report had tried to bar his application; only much later, when he no doubt had looked up the actual report, did he see that was not so and handsomely apologised. These confidential reports on any projected staff move, and also annually, were a great burden. How candid should one be - especially over people one worked alongside every day and yet not reveal ones comment to? Annually, reports, confidential ones, were needed on all boys leaving school for further education and training. These got more and more a waste of time, exam results getting increasing weight. Anyway that cabinet in the office of confidential material aroused, I fancy, a great sense of distrust among staff - inevitable where there is any hierarchy perhaps, but unfortunate in the multi-racial situation.

Compensation terms for expatriates were announced and they appeared generous, especially to those that decided to stay on. But we rather out of touch with movement of salaries in U.K. That the pensions were not guaranteed by the Home Government, and there seemed no prospect of them being so (until forced to by Tanzania's washing their hands of them in 1968) was a condition not seen as the injustice it was; a majority of officers felt constrained to commute the pension to their subsequent enormous financial disadvantage. Commutation was made exceptionally easy. Naturally some feeling gathered against the safe, Home Civil Servants who thought up this scheme for their overseas brother servants. All this came later; then we were busy with the hectic months leading up to 9th December.

A film show came to us from UNESCO Visual Aids officer, newly installed in Dar. Lots of nice gadgets and ideas but no cash to help us; nor were the ideas all that new; the London Overseas Visual Aid Centre had helped us well. More popular was the visit from the Governor, the first since the school was in Dar and since before the war. It was closely pre-planned and timed. After tea with staff he

inspected a parade and said a few words to the neat ranks of attentive boys. Athletic as he was, he was pleased to hear of their exploits climbing the mountain and promised to return and accompany them on another climb. Then classes resumed and he toured them. It was in the physics lab that he scored his great success. A nervous teacher was getting into trouble with an experiment, watched closely by H E. That Makerere College teacher clearly could not cope. "Suppose you..." from H E and he detailed exactly what should be done to finish off the experiment successfully. The boys were immensely impressed, a Governor who could carry out a scientific experiment and make it succeed!

Hard on the heels of this event came our annual concert which was a great hit. The audience from town had come to expect a lot from our previous efforts so we wrote, rehearsed, painted, wired, rehearsed, re-wrote, at least half the school being involved in one way or another. Only in one matter was there conflict; 'making up' boys for stage lighting was forbidden by staff - it had unfortunate connotation apparently. In previous years that had been no objection but Africans were now more ready to argue over sensitive details. This concert came fittingly at the end of a fine tradition in schools all over; we put a great deal of effort into them and held that they gave not only a great deal of enjoyment but were in the organisation etc highly educative. Successful items would be passed from school to school, often by boys who later became teachers faced with having to put on a concert themselves. Natural dramatic ability, like their natural musical sense, gave them a good start but getting finish and a sense of time was less easy.

The Adu Commission (salaries ?) came our way sandwiched in with the Gardening Competition, the Cross Country, the District Sports and the meeting in Dar for the Cambridge Syndics. Down there, another matter was mentioned. A new Secondary School, part of the overall expansion, was scheduled at Kibiti in the Province to open next January. But the buildings would not be ready. Could we take in the double St IX stream that would start it off? We were to expand ourselves and were getting no new rooms just yet. In the upshot after a lot of alternative suggestions, the extra classes were taken in at Mzumbe. This kind of doubling up was an indication that development at a pace that did not create too great a dislocation was over, that emergency measures were to come as the order of the day. It reminded

me of the discovery of double-bunks, back in the mid-fifties, which overnight doubled the capacity of the dormitories.

The end of term brought some staff departures, which made the arrival of the promised USA teachers in September a much awaited matter; till then we had to double up some classes and teach what we were not accustomed to. My holiday - no such thing; senior school staff had a great deal of admin in the two holidays - was brightened by a call from the Longmans representative; he told me the "Short History of Tanganyika" had already gone into a second printing. (There were two small errors in fact in the first edition and it was almost a pleasure to have them pointed out by two boys at Tanga school a bit later). C R Bell just retired as Director Uganda also called; later he produced a find History of East Africa for School Cert level. Another educational visitor was the Head of a school in Pemba Zanzibar, finding out how we did things; the first direct contact I can recall with what later became part of Tanzania.

After the return of the boys we had a call from a dentist to check all their teeth; again this is the first such visit I recall. We also received dietary advice; boys should eat "dagaa", a kind of whitebait. The trouble was they did not like them "though good for the brain". Then came a team from Edinburgh to make a short film of the school. After being taped by Radio Dar during Nyerere's visit, the boys took this in their stride. Of course they never saw the film. Most Africans photographed in Africa never see the prints...Just before the Americans arrived the top class was restless; a touch of 'independence fever' perhaps though they were, in the shortage, missing some teaching. I took both for English Language and also literature but what with the constant stream of visitors and paperwork often had to miss a class at this time. We did not have the system of another teacher standing in; from the angle of classroom discipline it was not necessary and staff had enough to do without covering up each others brief absences.

With the Americans came one of the first British V.S.O. teachers. He was a lad straight out of sixth form - Kings Canterbury. No teaching experience and only a reasonable sportsman, but very keen and likeable. Many of the top pupils were years older than he. For accommodation he boarded with me but to fit him into the school was less easy. Our boarding school style was very different to that at Kings. Still, he made himself liked and useful. Later some feeling

developed among non-graduate, trained African teachers that such untrained school boys from England should not be treated on a par with themselves. Happily, the sending out of sixth formers was ended and the rather more useful graduates recruited for VSO. It made the scheme very useful indeed.

A shauri with a couple of the boys was when their father, well known to us, committed suicide. Financial arrangements were the cause. They were one of the many families from Nyasaland in Government service. Death of a parent was common but suicide very rare. All were most considerate. This consideration for the weak and those in distress was a feature of African attitudes. It showed itself over cripples of which most schools had at least three or four. They were treated with great tenderness and yet with equality; true compassion and acceptance. These cripples were, as individuals, fine characters, absolutely without exception (In the same way I cannot recall a teacher of carpentry who was not a sterling, outstanding character).

In town the P.C. had a big party for Trade Union Officials. It was no coincidence that in a day or two one of those met there appeared at school to enquire about a minor staff shauri. Nothing was wrong it was merely that from now on there would be an extra cog in the machine to keep oiled. A more welcome visitor was Chiume, an old boy and a leading politician from Nyasaland (who later fell foul of Dr Banda and took refuge here again) escorted by Nick Kassum, a rising Indian politician. Then Alex Nyirenda, ex Tabora boy and one of the two we had advised to join the Army as the first African officer cadets, came resplendent with his 'pip' to recruit for the Army. The boys were polite but the Police was far more of a draw with them; many entered it. Next was a man from the I.L.O. His actual full time post was Secretary of the Female Garment Makers Union in New York; what advice he could give out here was not exactly clear. He also tried to push 'Esperanto', a fad of his for fifty years. Visitors for the year climaxed with a really large turn out for Speech Day. There were even men from the Ministry, rare for the ordinary up country school. Guest of Honour was the new Canadian Principal of the University of Dar es Salaam. As before we made it a very formal highly organised affair (I had not been Adjutant of my Regiment for nothing) and the boys seem to enjoy ordering visitors how to park their cars as much as I again enjoyed making my report. Parade, Assembly, and then the

tour round the school for a fine variety of activities, better even than last year. The following sundowner was well earned and went spankingly, even when the P.C. bogged his car down on my lawn, thus ruining a fine official departure.

And so we entered the short straight of the three remaining weeks of Trusteeship status under the Union Jack. Visitors still kept coming; Prof Freeman Butts of Columbia University New York (where USA teachers for East Africa were orientated). The British Council and then Sawe, an old colleague and friend from the Ministry. I had already decided to stay on after independence but was due on leave at the end of this year. What would I want to do on return? I felt that while I could cope with Headmastering, it was the time to put in Africans; also that something must be done about changing the School Certificate English syllabus. The place to do this from was the Inspectorate. I felt that here my experience would enable me to get something moving. So it was decided that after leave I would join my old colleagues on the inspectorate.

Then the exams' routine took over making a quiet, if busy, end to the exciting year. As they ended, the boys dispersed, agog now for home and Independence Day. Farewells were muted. Soon after their departure the Americans gave us a novel event - Thanksgiving Day dinner. Twenty four of them and us sat down to the traditional feast. A guest met there was our first Peace Corps Volunteer; he was a surveyor, a Negro; rare, though West Indians had become fairly common.

By Independence day, the school was deserted save for myself, the clerk and a messenger and my colleague. All the same we went to the school quadrangle and raised the Tanganyika flag from the school flagpost; its green black and stripe of yellow floated proudly against the splendid setting of the Ulugurus mountains.

Then I handed over to Gledhill, and made for Dar and the Ministry to have a look over the Inspectorate post and set up, prior to taking the boat for England, where I had not been since early 1956.

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